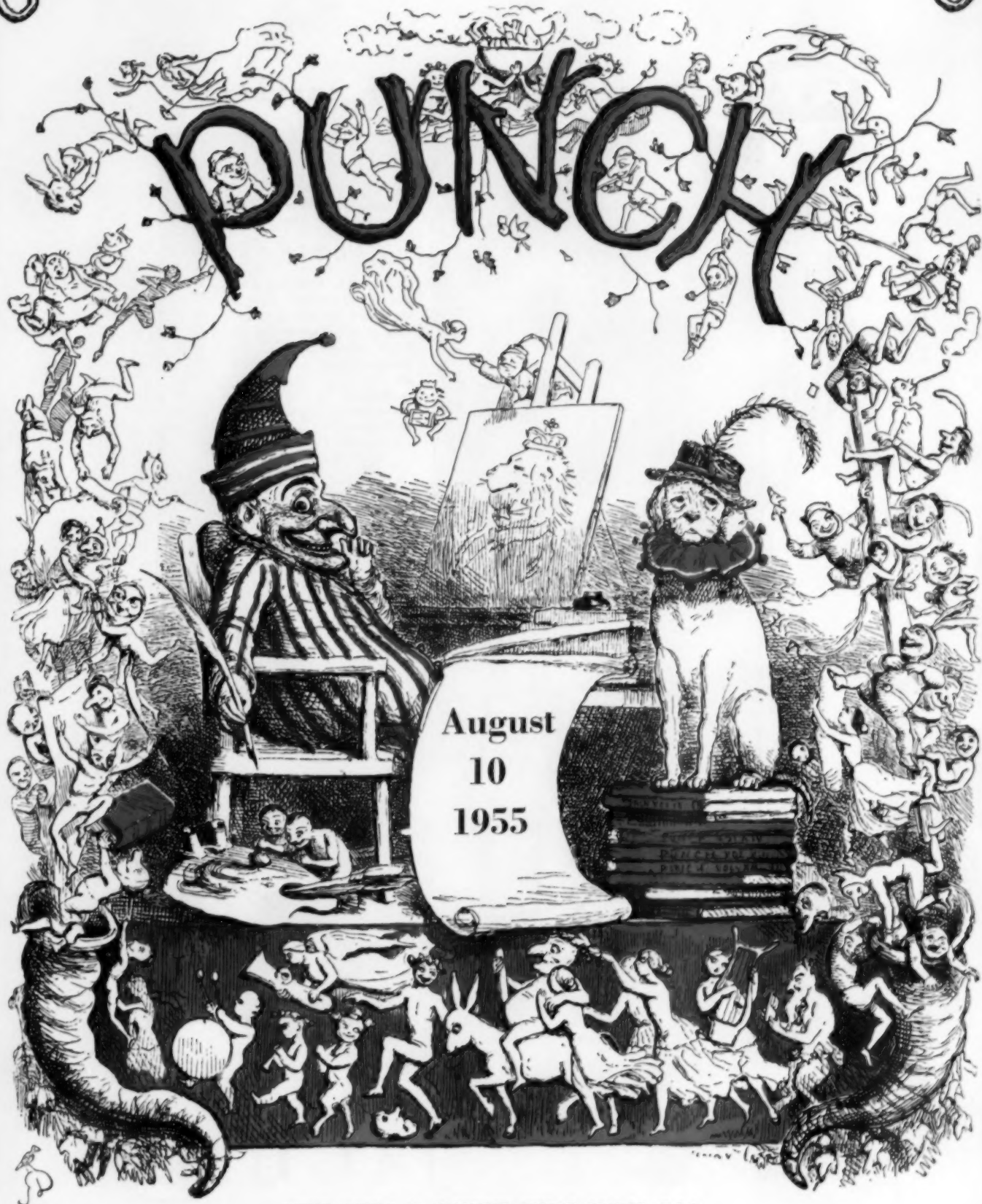


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Among the community's great organizations today industry has one of the longest histories. It can trace its course back for two centuries, to dark mills and primitive machines. Now, it serves the community's economic needs in a million ways, and provides the material foundation for modern standards of life and leisure. For, as industry's technical achievement grows, so does its field for service.

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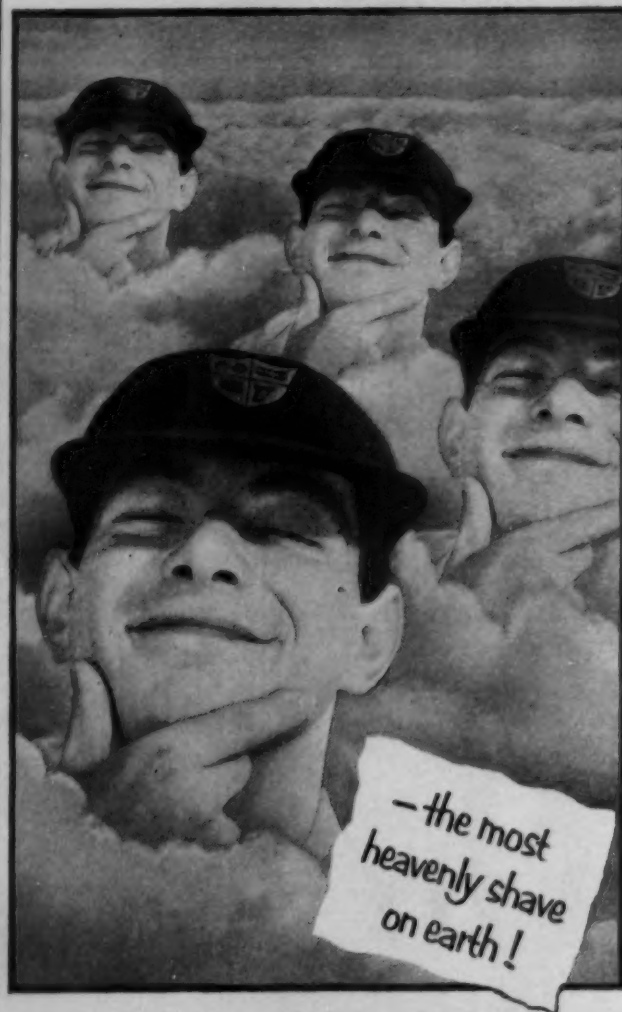
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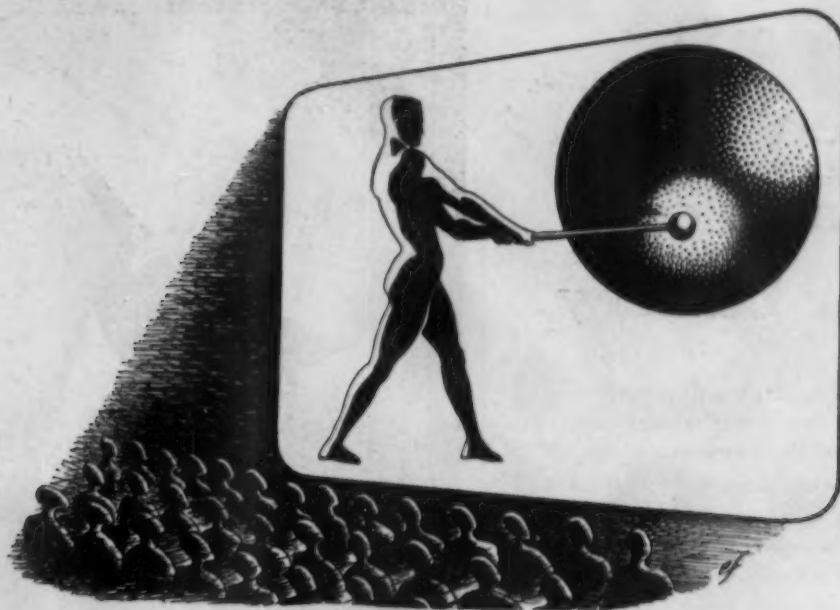
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To accomplish this two-fold purpose we have built up a British film enterprise which produces, distributes and exhibits a major programme of first feature films every year: a film enterprise which operates worldwide, helping to draw the free nations nearer to Britain and strengthening the ties between Britain and the Commonwealth.

The man-with-the-gong is a symbol of our determination to keep abreast of the times — both in thought and in technical developments.

We are proud to have been pioneers in many fields of production, distribution, exhibition and the manufacture of components (from cinema seats to electronic equipment for cinema television) designed to serve the needs of the British Film Industry.

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J. Arthur Rank Screen Services ... covers screen advertising, documentary films, television advertising and television programmes.

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British Optical & Precision Engineers ... manufacturing a key range of cinematograph equipment and allied products.

Cinema-Television ... producing television equipment, scientific and industrial electronic equipment and vacuum devices.

Bush Radio ... making the renowned Bush radio and television sets.

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

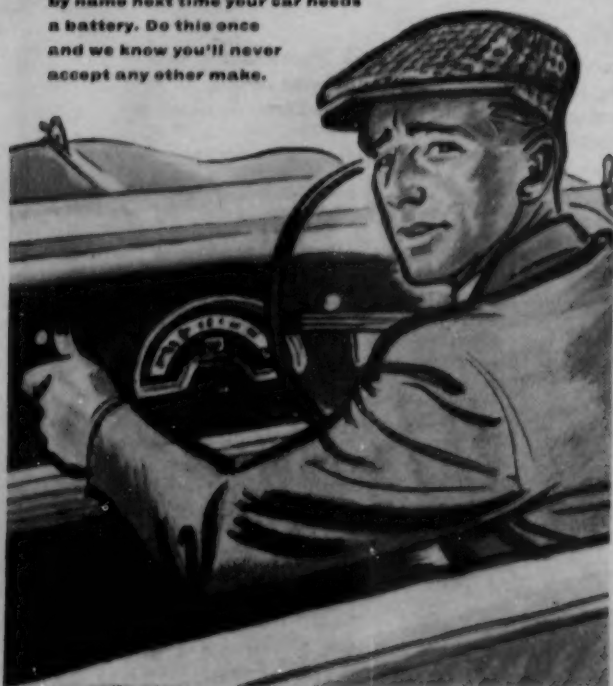
Bet you don't even know the make of your car battery

WITHOUT A BATTERY in your car you'd get nowhere — yet the chances are you never give it a thought until it goes wrong. And what *then*? You S.O.S. your garage, ask for a new battery, grouse a bit when you get the bill, and forget about it again until next time.

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Remember to specify Oldham by name next time your car needs a battery. Do this once and we know you'll never accept any other make.

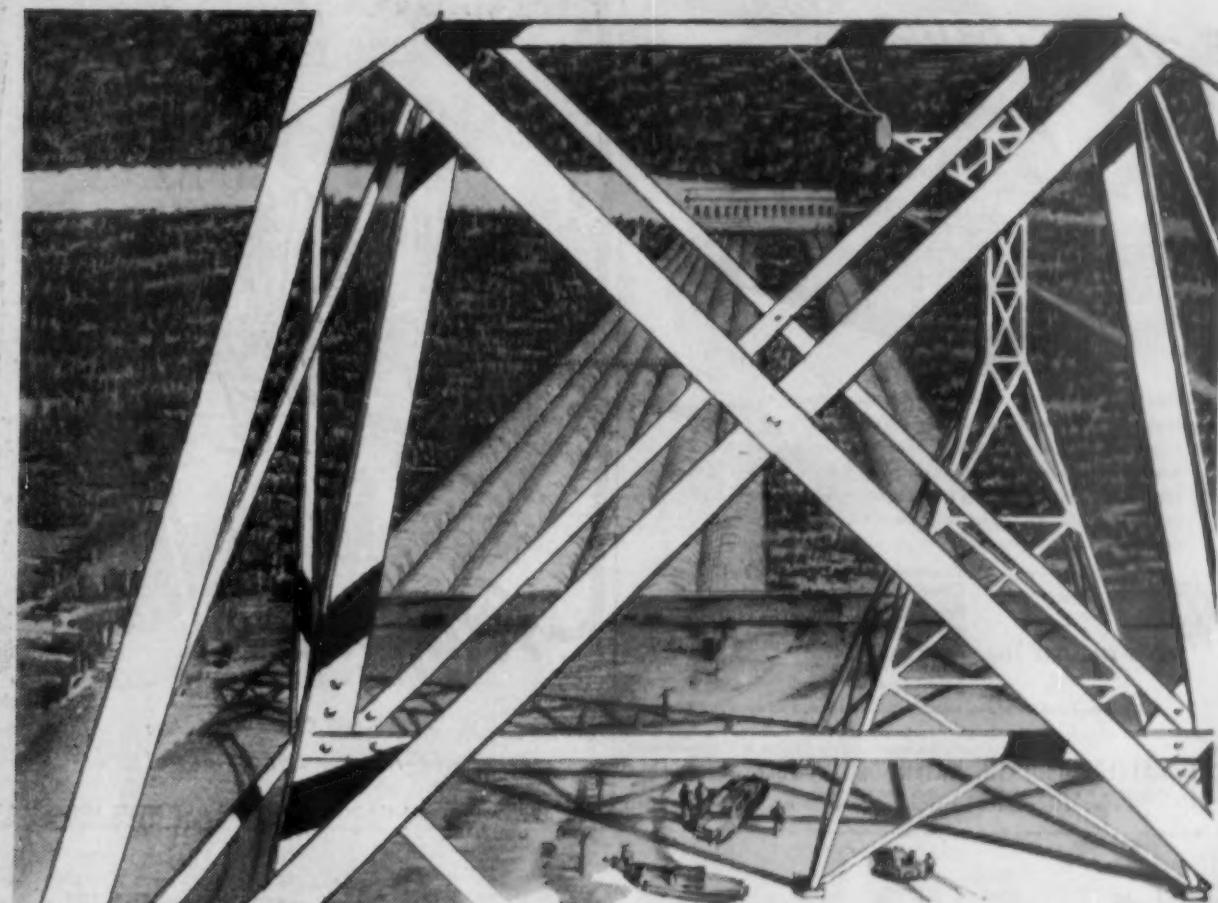


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Who could ask for anything more!

**A DOUBLE
DIAMOND**
works wonders



The diverted waters of Grand Lake, Newfoundland, rush down the huge, pipe-like penstocks to the turbo-generators of Bowaters' Corner Brook power station.

Power vista

They who complain of a lack of the spirit of adventure today are often misled by the precise language of modern business. The story of a merchant adventurer told in sixteenth century English enthalls us; but it is the English language which has changed, not the spirit of adventure. Witness these simple announcements.

The Bowater Organisation has formed a new Power Company in Newfoundland . . .

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is doubling the capacity of the Mersey Mills power plant.

These terse facts give the clue to one of the great industrial enterprises of modern times. The Newfoundland installations have a capacity of 156,000 horse power and meet the

electric power requirements of Bowaters' Corner Brook mills together with those of the community of Corner Brook and of several other industries in the area.

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Nor is this the complete story of Bowater expansion. Another high-speed newsprint machine is already being built at Bowaters' Tennessee mills, acclaimed at their opening last year as the greatest Anglo-American industrial venture since the war.

On both sides of the Atlantic a co-ordinated development plan is in operation . . . under the longbow-and-wave of Bowaters.

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commented the Chairman.

'I get them with our Powers-Samas machines' purred the Chief Accountant.

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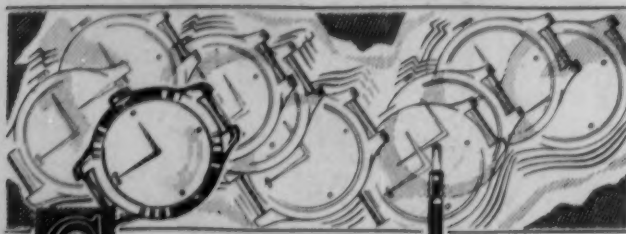
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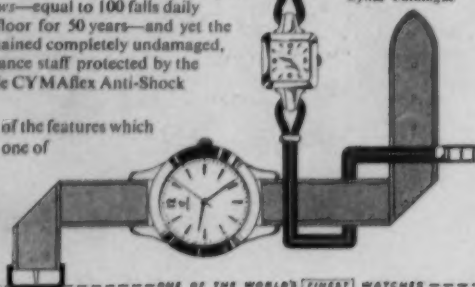
100 shocks a day for 50 years !



In one of CYMA'S factories a CYMA watch has been tested with as many as two million blows—equal to 100 falls daily from table to floor for 50 years—and yet the movement remained completely undamaged, its delicate balance staff protected by the efficient, flexible CYMAflex Anti-Shock device.

This is just one of the features which makes CYMA one of the world's finest watches.

Ask your Jeweller for the Cyma Catalogue

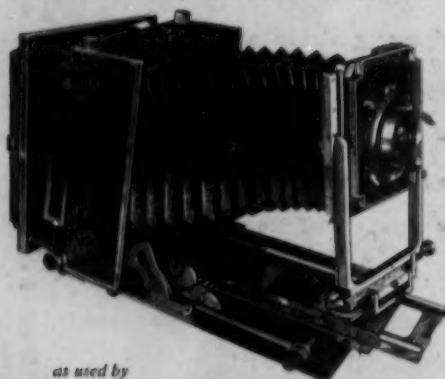


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Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

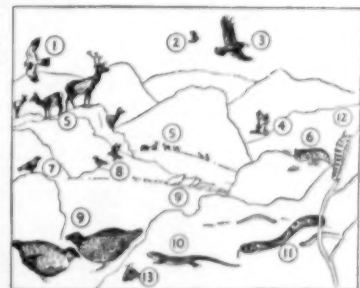
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AUGUST Moors



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder.

MIST AND CLOUD, but the sun-warmed August air has brought the birds of prey on the wing to patrol the moor — the pipit-hunting hen-harrier (1) and merlin (2), the great bird of the Highlands — the hare-hunting golden eagle (3), the day-flying, vole-hunting short-eared owl (4). The red deer (5) still roam fairly high on the moor, the stags with the last tatters of 'velvet' on their antlers. From its rocky cairn a wild cat (6) watches — not the only grouse-hunter on the moors in August. Wheatear (7) and golden plover (8) feed busily before their autumn migration. A bilberry-eating family covey of red grouse (9) — the only bird exclusively indigenous to Britain — will keep their heads down until the birds of prey have passed. The common lizard (10) is the chief prey of the adder (11), the snake of the dry moors, whose part-grown young still seek their parents' protection. August heather supports the caterpillar of the emperor-moth (12); and the antler-moth (13) may fly in swarms.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 6/6.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The key to the Countryside

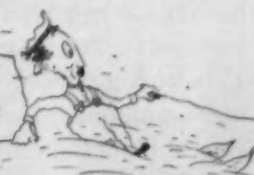
*Just because 'BLUEBIRD' broke the record with
our tubular steel frame, Pollock, I don't see
why I should be expected to call you "Don"!*



Mr. Donald Campbell's world record-breaking 'Bluebird' first began to take shape in Accles & Pollock's factory over twelve months ago. The inner framework, constituting the backbone of 'Bluebird', is made from seamless chrome molybdenum steel tubes of square section—a form of construction which provides the maximum of strength with the least possible weight. As record holders ourselves, for precision in tube-making, we offer Mr. Campbell our heartiest congratulations.

Accles & Pollock

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WE MADE THE SEAMLESS
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Going on holiday?



Slip a Gillette 'Rocket' set into your bag



You can buy it for only 6/6 — and there's years of enjoyable shaving here. You have the benefit of Blue Gillette Blades — the sharpest in the world — and a razor that's made to go with them.

This is no ordinary razor set. It contains everything you need for Gillette Superspeed Shaving — quick-action razor, and quick-feed Dispenser with 6 Blue Gillette Blades and discarded blade container. Put a 'Rocket' Set on your packing list and don't forget it.



CHARIVARIA

THERE is said to be some anxious speculation in Foreign Office circles since the announcement that Army married quarters being built in Nicosia, Cyprus, will be finished by October. The question is whether it will be possible to get in the official opening ceremony before the official handing-over ceremony.

No Mushroom

It was hardly to be expected that a woman, even a Congressman's wife, could understand the innocuousness of atoms close at hand, and when Mrs. Sterling Cole twice missed the hull of



a U.S. atomic submarine during the launching ceremony at Groton, Connecticut, her aim was probably a good deal better than bystanders imagined.

Thought from the Court

How oddly unenticing are the faces
Of ladies cited in enticement cases.

Long Term

It is reported that Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democrats are not as pleased about the outcome of the Geneva meeting as he is, and are demanding that when the Foreign Ministers meet in October they shall "stay in session until Germany is unified." Unless someone emulates Japan's bad taste of 1941, and starts shooting while talks are in progress, this looks very much like peace in our time.

Blasé

HAVEN'T the publicity pundits made a mistake in advertising the advertising campaign proposed by the Australian

Minister of Commerce to dispose in the United Kingdom of his country's butter, cheese, wines, eggs, dried fruits, apples, pears and canned meats? British readers of the announcement from Canberra, with its talk of a £A250,000 publicity drive, and hints of the urgent necessity of unloading the stuff into the British larder, may miss the point altogether when the actual campaign gets going, so that posters proclaiming the irresistible qualities of Australian canned meats, pears, apples, dried fruits, eggs, wines, cheese and butter will be shrugged off with a "It was in the papers. It's a £A250,000 publicity drive."

Two-Edged Compliment

AFTER a visit to Scotland the spokesman of a Russian delegation spoke highly of the Scots—especially "their sense of humour, their kindness, perseverance at work and the desire to have perfection." He marred the effect



in his preamble, however, which pointed out that "in many ways the Scots were like the Russians."

Beginners, Please

THE recent international conference on theatre history opened with a selection of apt speeches, to judge from a *Times* report. Austria spoke of her imports, Switzerland of her exports, America boosted Yale, the United Kingdom came out strongly for the Elizabethan playhouse, Czechoslovakia dealt with "the development of socialist competition" and Russia steam-rolled the meeting with a reference to one hundred and ninety-four thousand productions in 1953 before audiences

numbering seventeen millions. The president struck the only jarring note, and that with a gavel "made from the wood of a London theatre . . . recently taken over as a television studio."

Paris Beware

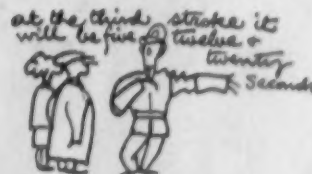
WAISTS, under Pope Dior's latest bull, must now soar from the depths of the A line to the heights of the Y line. It is not known how much more of the alphabet the fashion tyrants can get through before, one of these days, they notice an advancing pack of husbands making a beeline.

The Whole World Over

ACCORDING to a report on the inauguration of the Limpopo railway this has already cost the Portuguese 755,955,282 escudos, and "the final cost of the project is calculated at 600,000,000 escudos." Financially, this seems to come into line with other railways we've heard about.

If You Want to Know the Time

SINCE the introduction of the speaking clock in 1936, announces the G.P.O., five hundred million, two hundred and twenty-five thousand London telephone subscribers have dialled TIM to ask the time. A short-staffed Metropolitan



police force is telling itself that, on reflection, things could have been a good deal worse.

No Let-Up

A PRESS release from 10 Downing Street administers a slap in the face to those grumbling about excessive Parliamentary holidays with pay. It describes

how the Prime Minister "received a deputation from the Trades Union Congress to discuss the fulfilment of the Gower's Committee Report," lists the T.U.C. representatives, and ends "There was a general discussion on the need for the early introduction of legislation based on the recommendations of the Gower's Committee Report."

To Read, Turn Up Toes

WITH the last monthly road casualty figures officially quoted at twenty-three thousand it was time for some new approach to the problem; this has come from Tottenham, where cobblers are to stick warning slogans to shoes sent in for mending. It is too early to assess the effect of the campaign, but at least it will provide some pertinent reading for crowds gathered to see the ambulance drive up.

Next, Please

GOOD news for holiday cruisers comes from an American line, whose new stabilizers will eliminate the discomforts of rolling and pitching. Now for some way to reduce the tipping.

Keep the Stars in their Courses

WHAT with the nations all competing To be first with their artificial asteroid

They'd better have a high-level meeting to avoid Another sort of high-level meeting.



HIGH-LEVEL TALKS,

OR, THE VIEW FROM PISGAH



HOW hard it is for the most staunch Believer
To tell of good that e'er came from Geneva!
Of all mankind's unflagging madcaps who so
Constant in folly was as Jean-Jacques Rousseau?
What frustrate ghosts with twittering orations
Still haunt the Galleries of the League of Nations!
The sad, sunk city's main defect is this—

Its haunTERS are more swissed against than Swiss.

With 'Tigers at the Gates, the scribblers' hunch,
To take them in, you take them out to lunch—
All human troubles, to their way of thinking,
Evaporate in one bout of Wishful Drinking.
More cautious critics seek to allay th' Alarm:
"It may do good—it can't do any harm."
Alas—and here the fault these critics made—
Peace is a fickle but a grasping Jade,
And, having blown and blown and blown the Trumpet,
You have to pay off something to the Strumpet.
If you are always shouting "Peace on Earth—"
Just one more Conference and the New World's Birth,"
If you are always shouting "Heaven's a-popping"
You have to bring back something from the shopping—
Find goods, your own or someone's, to deliver
And sell, if not for cash, then down the river.

For Prodigals cannot be bought by half.
They will not play for less than Fatted Calf.
Your foes, whom you insist on calling friends,
Can always use you for their private ends—
To stifle protest hold some gibe to taunt you
And keep you tied exactly where they want you.
You've got to sign whate'er they have in mind
Because you daren't come home with nothing signed.
If dull, cantankerous, Pickthorn-minded souls
Speak about Labour Camps or murmur "Poles?"
The Statesman must pretend he didn't hear
And talk at large about the Atmosphere.

What between Summit Talks and Cobalt Bomb
The world's great age is bound at last to come—
Just one more Banquet and the bacon's home—
And Khrushchev comes to dine at eight-fifteen
And loyal lips will pray "God Save the Queen."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



BUBBLES

How to Recognize a Candidate

By JOHN STEINBECK

AS 1956 staggers near bearing the shifting weight of the American Presidential elections, it might cause further confusion if I should interpret for the British public some of the more intricate political gambits of our scene. To do this I must presuppose an interest or arouse one.

Our politics on a national scale are complicated to the point of mysticism. Perhaps in some later moment of abandon I shall discuss our major political parties. It is a pretty high price to pay for international amity.

The basis of our elections is very simple. Those in office want to stay in. Those out of office want to get in. After this first simplicity there will be no other. It is said of our presidents that they spend their first term running for their second term. I see no reason why this statement should be limited to presidents. In this piece I shall deal only with the colouring, habits and identification of candidates. In fact Candidate Watching is a healthful as well as an instructive pastime. But first you must establish who is a candidate. It has been

said that everyone is a candidate. But I am not a candidate and I know two other people who are not.

This is almost the perfect time to begin Candidate Watching. It is over a year before the elections and the urge is beginning to stir in proto-candidates. However, without instruction one might overlook many an example of perfect candidacy, so subtle are the opening moves. The systems, while delicate, are as ceremonial and unchanging as the love dance of the fiddler crab or the mating overture of the whooping crane.



"Darling, you look wonderful to-day."

The first symptom to look for in a candidate is Decent Reluctance. When a man states clearly, simply, loudly and often that he has utterly no desire and little qualification for public office, that man has already started his political campaign. Usually his second move is to swear undying allegiance to some other candidate whom he knows can't win.

Many of the opening activities of candidates seem to have no political emphasis whatever. The candidate first of all becomes a Family Man. His wife and children are the first to bear this cross. In untrained families it sometimes scares the hell out of the kids. The candidate plays with his children and is photographed with them no matter how much they may protest. His wife becomes a goddess and receives attentions, particularly public ones which may embarrass her more especially if she has interests which do not welcome publicity. The year before election is a rugged time for mistresses. Of course the smart ones use this sensitive time to feather their nests. Sometimes a good, meaning a well-paying, marriage may be arranged, but the dumber mistresses, of whom there are some, find themselves disconsolately paying their own rent until after election.

At this time in a candidate's progress dogs enter the scene. In fact any dog who is ambitious would do well to study this time. Many a candidate becomes so enamoured of dogs during an election that there is some reasonable doubt as to which is the candidate. When you think of it, the dog is almost the perfect candidate. The dog is nice, the dog is honest, and it is a rare dog who makes campaign promises. One candidate for high office put his dog so much in the foreground that many of his loyal followers found themselves casting their ballots for a cocker spaniel on the simple conviction that the dog had never stolen any public money. And I don't believe he had.

It is a tradition started by our presidents to withhold their decisions to run until the last moment. This is presumed to keep any possible opponent off balance. Whether it does or not has never been tested. Lesser candidates now also withhold their admission to being candidates, but to the careful observer their intentions are obvious.

If a man takes his wife with him



wherever he goes he is going to run for office. If he is continually being caught by cameras patting the heads of little children it is a double assurance. In America little children do not vote but they are politically wooed as though they voted twice. In some precincts it is said that they do.

When Thomas E. Dewey vehemently denied his candidacy while having his wife, a pretty woman, photographed against a cow, I, for one, knew the cards were down. This old master knows the rules, although in his case they have not paid off. By that one

photograph he subscribed to marriage, democracy and agriculture. One may go farther. If a man's wife lapses into obscurity one may be assured that the husband has either lost hope or interest in public office.

Oh, there are many tiny ways to recognize a candidate. If a man suddenly leaves off wearing a hat he is a candidate. If an old Scrooge without warning becomes lovable he is a candidate. I have even suspected the original in *A Christmas Carol* of having political ambition which came to fruition after the story was closed. Such

is the change of character in a candidate that it would be no bad thing if everyone were forced periodically to run for office. The candidate smiles always, is always hopeful. He is open and scrupulously honest. He is friendly, particularly to labourers, negroes and ball players—even those whose instincts for self-preservation warn them against being drawn in. The candidate does not gamble, in fact reduces personal sin to an absolute minimum. The brothel sees him not, and at the tracks the breed must go in for self-improvement.

During election years the churches are particularly fortunate, their congregations swollen with candidates, their collection plates loaded with offerings later taken as a business deduction from income tax and rightly so. Many a church is able to afford a new furnace or a coat of paint during this rich time, and the wise ones do it quickly. The deep religious convictions of candidates should be carefully noted by Watchers. One recent successful candidate nearly forgot his religious duty until reminded by his campaign manager. But he learned. No one has been closer to organized voting religion than this great man since his nearly fatal error.

The hidden candidate is likely to show a sudden but marked interest in the humble. If a man who has recently black-balled a candidate for the Racket Club for inadequate social background lets it be known that his own grandfather was a blacksmith, that member is a candidate.

The astute Candidate Watcher should make note of a sudden but passionate interest in farming and the farmer, while on the other hand the normal interest in oil wells disappears during

election years. Oil seems to flourish after, not before elections.

Public statements should be narrowly scrutinized by the interested C.W. He will find much to impress him and much to give him joy to hilarity in addition to the serious business of picking candidates. You will find that a candidate unequivocally endorses Freedom and denounces Oppression, is for people, but against socialism, is for Women and against women, for virtue and against sin. Any man who follows this formula is in the stretch toward selection.

While forgoing hats of his own, the candidate comes out in a rash of sectional head-dresses—ten-gallon Texas hats, coonskin caps, engineers' long beaked striped caps, and particularly the simple cheap straw hats of the dirt farmer. In each of these he is duly photographed. And now it is time for the candidate to be made an honorary chief of an Indian Tribe. When it comes to this the C.W. might as well put down his field glass and go home convinced. The subject is invested with a war bonnet of eagle feathers while the cameras grind. Why, he might just as well come right out and say he is in the race except that it would be considered bad taste, if not actual rule breaking. Some of our red-skinned brothers complain that in an election year there are more honorary chiefs than there are Indians.

Now all of the preceding is a preliminary, a kind of self-discipline for the battle. Now the time has come. The candidate comes out and formally enters the race with a fish pole. If there had been any doubt before, there is none now. I had thought that golf might have supplanted fishing as a political activity, but apparently it is not so. Even Mr. Eisenhower does not appear to trust it, or perhaps his advisers have put his wind up. Recently he announced his presidential reluctance with a splurge of trout fishing. No qualified C.W. could have any doubt after that. Not even Mrs. Eisenhower's trip to Geneva is more revealing of political intention than that trout fishing.

Fishing is a very serious business for a candidate. It must not be big-game fishing, which is somehow undemocratic. Ideally, the candidate should fish with a willow pole, a bent pin and a can of worms, but in recent years, possibly as a courtesy to the tackle manufacturers,

the jointed pole and reel have not been considered dangerously sophisticated.

Not even such a dour and pure public man as Herbert Hoover dared break the rule about fishing, whatever his preference. I well remember a photograph of a pre-election Hoover in a tight stiff collar and thin four-in-hand tie. He was standing beside a rushing stream holding with delicate dismay a Spanish mackerel. Somebody must have caught hell for that, but it is an error that can never happen again. Fishing camps now maintain an aquarium of rainbow trout.

Fishing now being behind him, the candidate is ready for a Cause. He must be against something, preferably something that can't vote against him. Being against Communism has become more a reflex than a conviction. Being against crime and disease aren't enough. He looks about for graft in government. In this he runs into a traffic problem. Every candidate is looking for graft in government. But here the candidate must step carefully because what is called graft in government by a candidate is called patronage once he is elected. In other words, he must be against it but not too specific about it.

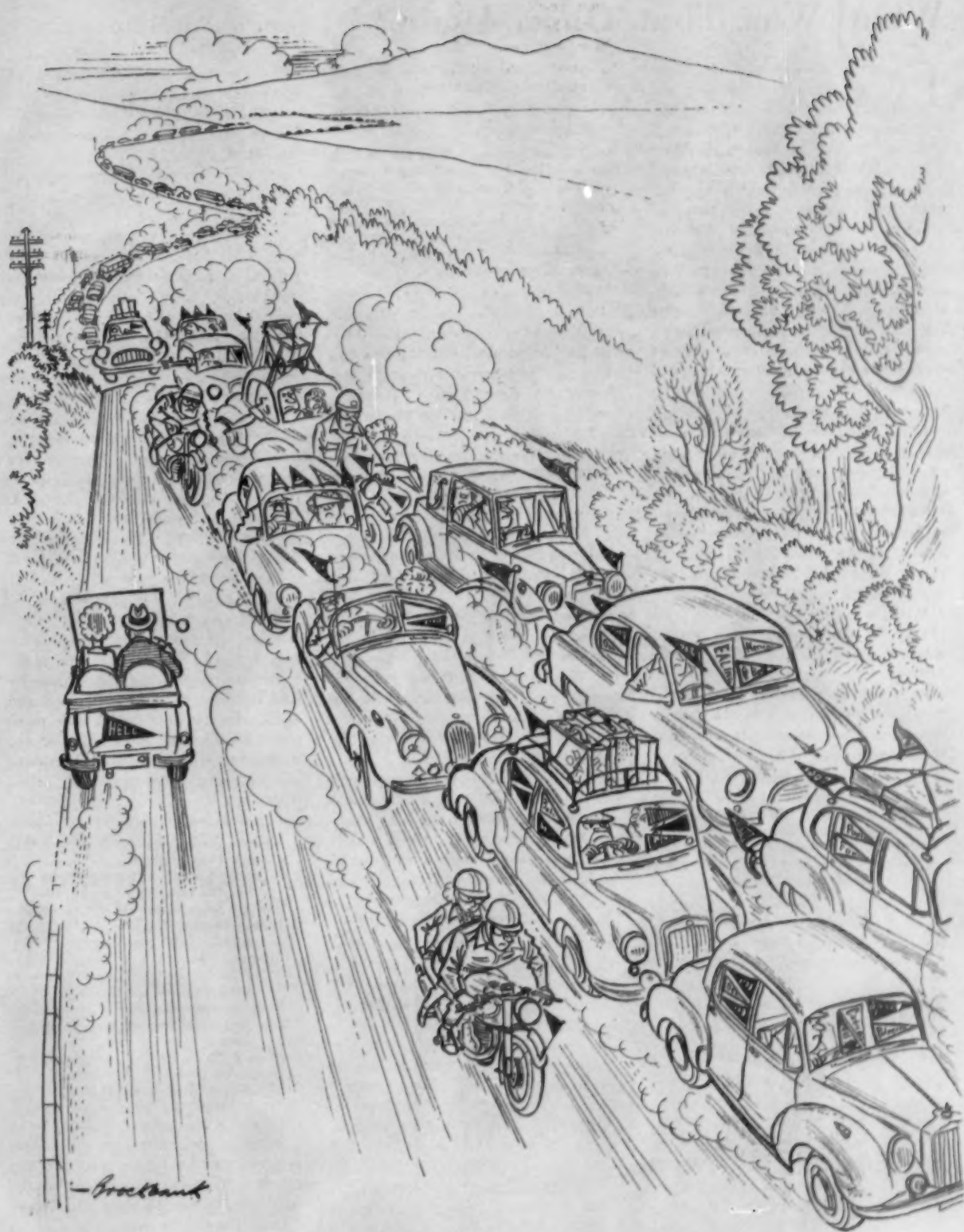
The last and most heroic stand of the candidate is his Foreign War. This technique was invented by a successful mayor of Chicago. Election after election he won by defying the British. Since the British do not vote in Chicago he was a happy and successful candidate. His method has been closely studied. At present half of our candidates have declared war on the Soviet Union while several are at each other's throats over which one gets to take on China. A man hates to fight a country and then find some other candidate cutting in on him. For the Candidate Watcher's notebook it should be set down that the farther a candidate gets from military age the more war-like he becomes.

The rules for candidates are very strict, as is proved by the experience of Adlai Stevenson in our last presidential election. He wore a hat, had no dog, and if he fished he did it secretly—and he lost.

I hope this analysis may be of help in understanding our candidates. During the next twelve months or so the informed Englishman will be wise not to judge any American insane until it has been clearly established that he is not a candidate.



"Perhaps we ought to move over and make room."



What Was That Once Again?

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT is now pretty generally recognized that the greatest obstacle in the way of a beautiful Anglo-American friendship is the language barrier. If you can't understand a word the other fellow is saying, naturally there is bound to be an imperfect sympathy and you come away telling yourself that the other fellow is an ass and that you intend to cut him in Piccadilly next time you meet. Anyone, therefore, who is thinking of spending Six Weeks In Sunny New York will do well to engage the services of a competent interpreter, or he will be plunged into a state of bewilderment and frustration which will last till his boat pulls out from the Cunard-White Star pier.

In the old days everything was simple. All Americans said "Wal, I guess" and all Englishmen said "Hi siy, old top," and on that foundation cordial relations were established. But now that a new race of disc jockeys and advertising men has sprung up, speaking each its quaint patois, the English visitor has to start again from the beginning.

What is a disc jockey? He is a jivester, a platter spinner, a record rider, a dee-jay, a man who gets the biscuits hot off the waxworks and releases them to the folks. He is, that is to say, the complacent bore who handles the gramophone records on radio, and he talks like this:

"All right, gates, we're in the groove and I want you to dig this crazy riff tune coming up rete now. It's solid malrooney and what I mean real gone. But gone. Did I say gone? Man, this is coool. It's the most. So turn

down the lights and let's spin it, huh? Let's dream together, folks."

Or possibly, if he is one of the intellectual dee-jays:

"Good evening. This evening we are privileged to hear Mozart's Quartet in C minor—Köchel—listing K-45675—that's K-45675. This work with its interesting thematic tendencies varies ausmotically with the æsthetic values of the theme, which is invariably generic . . ."

And they go on like that for hours.

But, you say, you are not intending during your visit to listen to radio. That will help, of course, but how do you know that you may not find yourself plunged into the society of advertising men, who in their way are almost less intelligible than disc jockeys?

You meet an advertising man. A mutual friend introduces you. You say "Good morning." He says "Nice to have you aboard." So far, things are fairly smooth. But then you rashly ask him how he is doing these days in the advertising business, and he is off.

"Better pack sandwiches," he says. "This is going to be a long trip. Before I review the bidding I'll prelimitate. The head man is a vacant lot. He doesn't ride in my club car. Well, last week he comes along and says 'Let's up-periscope'. He tells me to blow the feathers around the room."

"To . . . What was that once again?" you say.

"Blow the feathers around the room. Run it up on the rack and look underneath. Get some nourishment out of the material. 'Here are the apples,' he

says, 'you bake the pie. Terse it up and put it on a chunk of paper'."

The interpreter has been whispering in your ear, and you are able to comment intelligently.

"I see," you say. "Your employer had an idea and wanted you to develop it?"

"That's right," says the advertising man. "He wanted me to put the compass on the table and see which way was north. But I didn't get through to his switchboard. I was brainwashed after the story joust and they dressenized me."

I asked John Crosby of the *Herald-Tribune*, who speaks advertising like a native, to simplify this for me, and he said it meant that the speaker failed to look at the whole apple from skin to core and check the corporate experience. It often happens that way, he said. You have an assumption, but it isn't based on anything. You try your best to play house with it and put wheels on it, but you find it is pure horseback and you have to put it in the deep freeze.

Thank you, John.

Television, too, has a language of its own, but here things have been made easier for the visiting Englishman by Abe Burrows, the author of *Guys and Dolls*, who has published a little pamphlet in which he gives a list of the various technical or trade terms current in television, together with their definitions.

I append a selection:

Intimate Show: A comedy programme with no laughs

Situation Comedy: A programme that has the same story every week

Satire: Jokes which do not get laughs

Fresh Humour: Old sure-fire jokes

told by a young comedian

Literate Humour: Old sure-fire jokes told by a young comedian with horn-rimmed spectacles

Song Stylist: A singer

Internationally famous song stylist: A singer

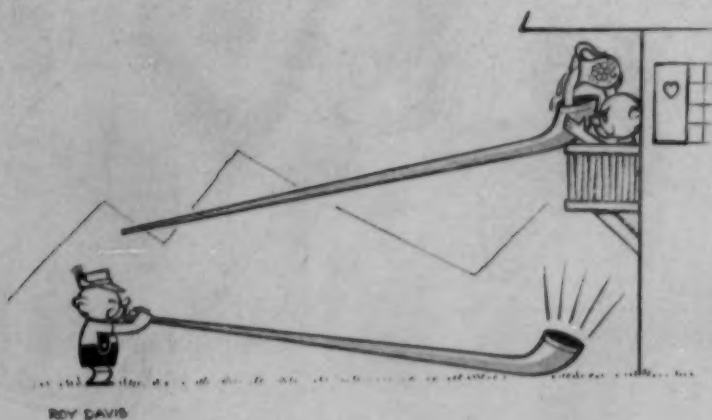
Singing personality: A lousy singer

Long-term contract: A contract

Seven-year contract: A contract for thirteen weeks

\$10,000 a week salary: \$1,500

With a few hints like these it is perfectly possible for the novice to find his way in television circles, but let him avoid those ad men and record riders. They're the most.



ROY DAVIS



From Our Special Correspondent

Keeping Cool in a Crisis

By CLAUD COCKBURN

THIS is a dual-purpose instrument of equal value whether what you want to do is go to Nepal and write about the deterioration of the situation in Tibet, or stay right where you are and read about the deterioration of the situation in Tibet as noted in Nepal. More or less.

Or, putting it another way, this reading matter you are getting on with now is going to help you not only if you want to be a Foreign Correspondent but also in case you consider them as Purple Cows of whom the man in the poem remarked that he would rather see than be one.

Mind you, if you're entirely uninterested in the whole thing I dare say it will be of little use to you.

Important at the outset is to decide whether what you have in mind is being a Special Correspondent, landing to-night on the gleaming tarmac at World's Number One trouble spot, or one who goes to this foreign capital and stays there, quite possibly, until he becomes a doyen, ever ready to put his rich fund of experience generously at the disposal of the tyro.

Getting to be a Special Correspondent is easier, but the business is more precarious. Put a foot wrong and you

may suddenly find yourself back being a sub-editor with nothing to look at but floods and riots pouring over the Agency Tapes.

There are many types of Special Correspondents, falling roughly into two main categories—The Old War Horses and the Men with Fresh Minds.

The Old War Horses have, strictly speaking, no necessity to dash to the spot at all: they know just what they are going to write before they get there, and in fact could do the whole story on the basis of a glance at the ticker and a couple of drinks with old Tim Farragut of the F.O. However, for



reasons connected with prestige and income tax, newspaper proprietors like to get them into aeroplanes and have them dash, and they, for reasons connected with prestige and expense accounts, like to get into the aeroplanes and dash.

The Men with Fresh Minds have, up to now, covered "What, No Cinema? Hop-pickers' Protest," and "Council's 'Yes' to Mrs. Bewley," and they have done so jolly well.

Then the situation at Hell's Bells blows up to the point where a man has to draw a map with arrows showing the position of Hell's Bells relative to the vital oilfield, or the Austrian Treaty, or the Great Circle route, or Krishna Menon or whatever it may be, and suddenly the men in charge, who like to think they have fresh minds, say "What we want on this is a Man with a Fresh Mind," and off you dash.

Naturally you must prepare yourself to find, on arrival, that nothing of any importance has actually occurred at Hell's Bells at all, or that whatever it was has stopped occurring and been virtually forgotten. Even if they are firing sub-machine guns through the window and threatening to repudiate Paragraph Nine you must be ready for the fact that the official British Spokesman is going to inform you that honestly, old boy, he doesn't quite see what all the flap is about.

Remember that whereas in the bad

old days it was all right—in your first startling message from the trouble spot—to refer to the comment on the situation made by the taxi-man who nonchalantly dodged the shell-holes of Hell's Bells' famous Main Street, or glanced with a certain cynicism at the lighted windows of Hell's Bells' famous Railway Hotel, behind which the fate of the Hemisphere was to-night being decided by weary delegates, it is not all right to do so to-day. Taxi-drivers are out. Say instead: "A member of Hell's Bells' all-powerful Transport and General Workers' Union, which some observers think holds the balance in etc., etc., commented."

The same thing goes, but a good deal more so, for Joe, the famous barman at the famous Railway Hotel. Joe's cocktails are, of course, famous too, and Joe, whose shrewd eyes have watched many a crisis come and go, probably has heard more of the secrets of Hell's Bells than many an ambassador. Nevertheless it is no longer all right to quote barmen. Don't mention Joe at all, just tell him to hurry up with that drink and stop yapping.

Well, then you do all that business of going out and "getting the facts"—assuming anything that will pass for a fact is available—and also you get the material for your background stuff about the Life of the Ordinary People.

A hint here: some of your American fellow-workers may permit themselves

to stress the strangeness of the people of Hell's Bells, pointing to the seeming oddity of their political and personal attitudes and habits. Do not, unless you are working for one of the high-brow, small-circulation British newspapers, go too far along this line. What the British public wants to hear is that although crisis rages in Hell's Bells the Man in the Street is Carrying On, almost indifferent, it seems, to the raucous voices of the politicians and power-drunk agitators who, etc., etc. Fundamentally the Hell's Bellsians are mowing their lawns and chatting with the butcher. It is cosier so.

All this is fairly plain sailing. The only tricky thing you now have to decide is whether to have an Attitude, and, if so, which.

Not having an Attitude is as free from serious risk as a two-shilling bet, but it will contribute correspondingly little to your prestige, unless you think you can get away once again with all that stuff the Americans used to put over so well at one time about being a plain working newspaperman recording the facts and leaving the interpretation of the facts to plain men and women of etc., etc.

Assuming you are prepared to go out on a limb with an Attitude, do realize that to be of any real value an Attitude has to make a certain amount of easily recognizable noise.

(There are still a few openings for on-the-one-hand—on-the-other-hand, which you term, obviously, "a careful assessment," but it's harder than you'd think to do it really well, and all the time there's the fearful risk that at the end of it all the Foreign Editor is going to look at your careful assessment and say "What is this ghastly bundle of feathers and fuddy-duddy?" and you return from Hell's Bells in disgrace with nothing but the faint hope of selling a piece, called simply Letter from Hell's Bells, to *Encounter* or the *London Magazine*, who each turn out to have, already, Letters from two people who went out there just after *Horizon* packed up and have been detachedly assessing ever since.)

The best thing to do with that sort of thing is eschew it, and then you have to make up your mind whether the Attitude you want is going to be Situation-under-Control, or Good-Gad-the-Port-Engine's-Blazing.

On the, and I say this advisedly, face

of it Situation-under-Control looks like the safer bet.

To begin with, the Foreign Office and the principal shareholders will like it, and that is always so awfully nice. Furthermore, it has a nice sneer-potential. Other people are talking about the end being near and getting foolishly rattled, but not you.

This implies, too, that you were sitting coolly getting the cool lowdown off the ice in the backrooms of cool men who knew, while others were panicking around the place with Tom, Dick and an irresponsible rumour-monger called Harry, who is suspected of being an actual paid agent of etc., etc., etc.

But hold on just a minute. Suppose that, say, thirty-five minutes after you have cabled or telephoned your Situation-under-Control piece to the paper you learn that the Prime Minister has been hanged in Hell's Bells' famous Central Square and the Peruvian delegate has imposed a Veto, with more than seven abstentions. Not so awfully good, eh?

And that's where, if I may venture a suggestion, the apparently rather dangerous Other Attitude—the Good-Gad-the-Port-Engine's-Blazing one—is really very often sounder in the long run.

Though outwardly, you say, calm reigned in Hell's Bells to-night, there were strained nerves and anxious whispers among the men in the back-room of Hell's Bells' famous Palace Dedans, as grim rumours of trouble ahead swept the streets and smoke-laden committee rooms of World Trouble Spot Number One.

Officially—be careful to get this bit in—the situation was said to be "under control," but even superficially calm British spokesmen were prepared to admit that, short of drastic action, the possibility of a crash could not be ruled out. A well-placed informant whom I can only identify by his chosen "cover-name" of "Harry," told me etc., etc., etc.

So if they hang the Prime Minister and refuse ratification you're in the clear: that's what you indicated was going to happen. The details can be left to the Reuter man, whose services your newspaper is paying for anyway, so why should not he do some work too?

Or, on the other hand, calm persists: nothing happens at all. Don't worry—

you're still in the clear. Because, first of all, it's rather a *tense* calm, isn't it? Nothing's really been *solved*, has it?

(About here, incidentally, you had better decide whether you want to say that this lack of solution is due to the apparent incapacity of the British Government to grasp the realities of the situation because everyone is out playing golf, at the tax-payer's expense, or to the way in which tirelessly patient efforts by the British Government to bring the two sides together have been thwarted by the petty jealousies and—even—the personal ambitions of the representatives of other Powers. Remember, you must not say both.)

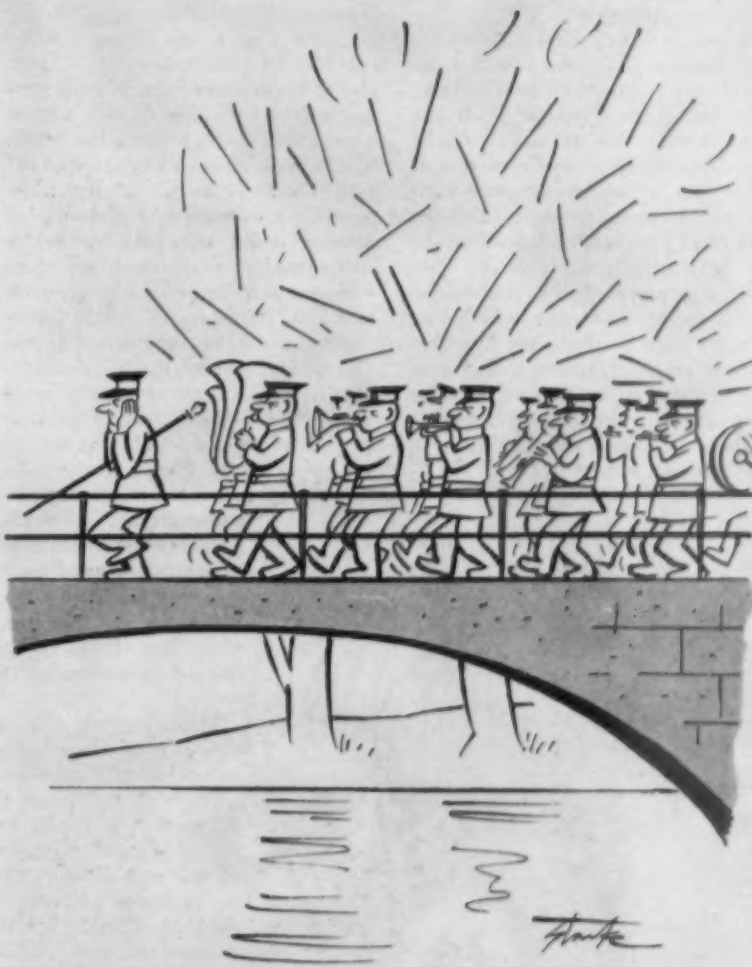
If this calm and lack of incident at

Hell's Bells actually persist, still do not worry. After nothing has gone on happening for a week or so nobody will have the faintest recollection of what you said about Hell's Bells, and almost everyone will have forgotten where it is, and even that it exists at all.

Concerted Action

"100 LB BEACH BOMB DETONATED
SEARCH FOR SECOND

... Holidaymakers carrying deck-chairs and leading children with buckets and spades left the sands and swimmers left a swimming pool. The explosion left a large crater."—*Daily Telegraph*



This Way for Clay Feet

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

BUT for the happy chance that a man from *The Times* went to the British Museum for his August Bank Holiday outing only eleven people, including him, would have learnt of Britain's decision to add her trickle to the world thaw. And our detractors—at any rate until they have registered our change of heart—would say that it is typical of us that news of this vital policy switch should have leaked out in hole-and-corner fashion from a dim chamber behind Tottenham Court Road, instead of being shouted from a Downing Street house-top.

There they were in the manuscript room, the man from *The Times* and ten others in a polyglot party which included some "coloured visitors who had the awed look of hopeless nonunderstanding," and suddenly the even flow of information from the guide-lecturer threw out a fizzing phrase about the Magna Carta: "An exclusively feudal document that has no sublime lesson of liberty in it." For a moment the awed look of nonunderstanding clouded the faces of all present. They received the news with a faint sense of shock. They hadn't been prepared for it. A revelation of that magnitude needed to be led up to, and broken gently by the Attorney-General, say, after the nine o'clock news one Sunday. He could have eased the blow by raising a light laugh at *habeas corpus* and brushing off the Petition of Right as a lot of hooley.

However, what with Russia extending the rough red hand of friendship and Communist China smiling an open yellow smile, it was certainly time that someone began prising the putty out of our national pedestal. Exploding the Magna Carta myth was perhaps as good a starting-point as any, and if the Cabinet has decided against any official statement, then an occasional seed sown by guides in the Tower, Hampton Court, Blenheim and elsewhere is at any rate better than nothing, and will ultimately bring forth a bloom of disillusion for all to see.

The tourist trade undoubtedly offers the most fertile ground, and it is to be hoped that the trained guides of the British Travel and Holidays Association, for a start, are having suitable appendices added to their briefs. In a tour of London alone a great many misconceptions about the British way of life could be destroyed in a few hours. The business integrity legend would not long survive a round of the fruit-barrows; a morning at a horse-doping hearing would put paid to British sportsmanship; a chat with any three untipped taxi-drivers would demolish at a blow the myths of British understatement and Cockney wit. In the evening the visitors' notions about the subtlety of our sense of humour could be taken for a jolting round a few West End variety houses. And, next day, off into the fragrant English countryside,

green with caravan-sites and corrugated iron sheds. Thus, even from such small beginnings, the word would soon get round that the British are not, after all, what they have always cracked themselves up to be.

More important still, in a world from which international fear and suspicion are now to be ousted, is the part to be played by the Services. Schemes already exist, luckily, for the admission of visitors to Army Camps, R.A.F. Stations and Royal Naval Establishments; all that is needed, under the new

rethinking and debunking policy, is a suitable emphasis on the fallibility and inefficiency of the serving man. Parachutists who have refused to jump should be on hand to tell their stories. Diagrams should be posted up in prominent positions, showing how the more ingenious catering and equipment swindles were conceived and executed. On certain of H.M. ships reconstructions could be staged of incidents in which ratings have knocked admirals' hats off in the course of ceremonial parades. Possibilities are considerable. The chief thing is to keep coming right out with the frank admission that the British, at work or play, in uniform or out, have nothing at all on the Egyptians, Solomon Islanders, Pakistanis or anybody else.

The actual rewriting of history will have to wait a bit, naturally. But once you're rid of the Magna Carta you're well on the way, and vilification of national heroes and institutions will follow easily, as Frobisher and other Elizabethan ne'er-do-wells skulk abjectly through the pages, John Hampden drops the mask to reveal a pig-headed money-grubber, our aggressions of 1914 and 1939 are exposed at last, and the true facts revealed about the Battle of Britain figures, National Health wigs, the Hyde Park Elms and the monopolist log-rolling behind the Kabaka of Buganda.

It may hurt at first, but in the end it will be worth it. We have worn the garment of holier-than-thou for so long that we have forgotten how it mortifies the flesh; once it is cast off we can stretch our cramped, inhibited limbs and let ourselves go as we haven't for centuries, throwing people into dungeons, burning books, overturning governments, blowing up police stations and kicking street musicians without a care in the world. As for all these boat-loads of Jamaicans, how we're going to tell *them* where they get off! Even if they do wear an awed look of non-understanding when they're told they can no longer rest their case on a lot of old barons dated 1215.

The Royalty Slump

"MATE wanted immediately for pedigree Siamese Queen."—*Malay Mail*



"It was a No-ball!"



André Franconi



A Land Fit for Heroes

By LORD KINROSS

CRETE
THERE was tension in the air as we awaited the bus, drinking pink Cretan wine in the village below Phaestos. A police officer, important in beige gaberdine, strode into the café and began to ask questions. A villager answered them. Two policemen in green uniforms prowled away into a vineyard behind. Crossing the road the police officer questioned a man mending the tyre of a crimson bicycle. The man turned on him indignantly.

"I'm no informer," he protested, "like that traitor across the road."

He pointed a finger of scorn towards the café, muttered angrily, and turned back to his bicycle.

Suddenly there was a commotion. A man was seen running through the olive grove. Another man followed him. The officer started to run after them, remembered his dignity, looked round for his policemen, who had gone the other way, then walked after the runners rather quickly. A group of children, crouching and watching as in the stalls of a cinema, gave him a moment, then scampered after him to see the fun.

Sitting outside the café a young man of Athenian aspect, in expensive dark horn rims, laughed at the spectacle sardonically. What had happened? Why, the usual thing. Last night a villager had tossed a hand grenade into the house of another. Now he had

taken to the mountains. The blood feud.

"It's all these people can find to do since the Germans left, and then the British."

Shades of the British loom largely over Crete. The bust of an Englishman, Sir Arthur Evans in bronze, stands marooned on a column, with a startled expression, in the courtyard of his palace at Knossos. He built—or rebuilt—it for the Cretans, a functional labyrinth in the style of the second millennium B.C., complete with Minoan plumbing and modishly decorated in the *art nouveau* manner of the period. Hence in Heraklion to-day a thriving trade in souvenirs of Theseus, at Ariadne's, opposite the post office in 25th August Street, selling also "hand embroideries, hand-woven tissues, and vases," to say nothing of art Minotaurs in earthenware.

There are other souvenirs, more recent. Around a neo-Minoan bandstand, in a neon-lit square, the pride of a town, once picturesque, which was bombed and is now bettering itself, the Cretan bourgeoisie relaxes, beneath spreading eucalyptus trees, to the sound of loud loud-speakers. Gazing at them, the Cretan people parade to and fro, boys together, girls apart, thronging a street closed to traffic for the purpose.

Our host, a Cretan merchant, reminisces over the *ouzo* of the days

when Cretans were not merchants but heroes: the days of the Occupation, when British officers and gentlemen, disguised as Cretans, risked their lives to twist the tails of the Swastika. Those were great days. And now what?

"We are abandoned," he declares. "No one does a thing for us. No help from the mainland: no roads, no reservoirs, no grants, no loans. You see all those people? They walk about because they can't afford a coffee. You see that beggar? He was a leader of the Resistance. We expected much from the British. Why don't you do something for us? At least send us a Consul."

His litany drowns the radio, singing the woes of the Cypriots cruelly kept from the arms of their nursing mother, Greece.

Armed with a *firman* from a British leader of the Resistance in London, we proceed up into the mountains, its stronghold. In a village whose women sit rocking not babies in cradles but sucking-pigs on spits, we eat and listen to the tale of the gorgeous day when two British officers and gentlemen arrived with a car, complete with a kidnapped German general. In a monastery icons and Tommy guns hang on the walls with pictures of warriors, Cretan and British, and one of President Truman, captioned, through the accident of Greek spelling, XAPPY TPOYMAN. In the café of Retimo Cretans sigh for



their villages, burnt to the ground by the Germans.

"The British do nothing to rebuild them. We're fed up with the British."

Finally we toil up a mule track to a mountain village, famed for its heroes. Swagger ones in moustachios, top-boots, black shirts and spectacular black-and-tan breeches, they sit playing with their beads and twiddling their key rings, hoping in vain for some event to occur. Occasionally one of them fires a rifle into the air—at nothing.

House-tamed, they seat us down on embroidered settees, hand us glasses of raw spirit on ornamental trays. Looking down from the walls, in gilded frames, are a series of photographs, hugely enlarged, of the heroes of a succession of wars: a grandfather in the Balkan one, a father in the Asia Minor one, himself with a British officer in the last one, together with General Napoleon Zervas and Dr. "Freedom" Venizelos, all bristling with beards and moustaches.

One of the heroes, a Cretan runner, has published a book about the great days, widely acclaimed by the English critics, and our host aspires to win fame likewise. After a luncheon of goat's cheese and potatoes he produces sixty-eight pages of typescript and proceeds, like one chanting a liturgy, to read them: a faithful record of encounters with British officers and gentlemen which, if we will publish it, will enable him to replace the sheep which a night our has stolen from him. Shaking ourselves into wakefulness we then

climb the mountain to visit the caves where the officers and gentlemen resided.

After a dinner of potatoes and goat's cheese he proceeds, like one preaching a sermon, to discourse on world politics and the woes of the Cretans in particular.

"We are a forgotten people. Men come here from Athens. They make us promises. We are to have a road to the village. We are to have water. We are to be delivered from the money-lenders. Our sons are to have jobs. They go away. They do not return. And nothing happens: still no road, no water, no money, no jobs. Who will help us? We do not ask much. We do not ask to govern ourselves—only to be governed by a Motherland which respects our needs."

Enosis, in short. Why not with Britain for a change?



"... this Amalia Rodriguez ... These are times when she does not look beautiful at all ... But meeting her brought back to me all the magic of Portugal. Of the fish-women carrying their loads on their heads. Of the beggars round the churches ... It brought back the Moorish citadel that overlooks Lisbon ... She sings the 'fado' songs. Those strange, haunting folk songs, full of sadness ..."—Daily Express

You try singing something cheerful when you remind people of a Moorish citadel.



Another Injustice to Hedgehogs

By R. S. R. FITTER

I WAS talking the other day to the editor of one of these new political weeklies and asked him whether he was going to have a country column. Oh, no, he said, they always seem to degenerate into gossip about hedgehogs. Now although I don't count myself more of an erinaceophile than the next man, this did seem to me rather hard on the poor hedgehog. Secretly I wondered whether perhaps his gardener never produced quite so much good copy as Mr. Park—not that I ever remember Mr. Park delivering himself on the subject of hedgehogs.

Now the hedgehog, unless you try to pick it up, or lay your eggs on the ground, is really quite a harmless sort of animal. Anyone who tries to pick up

a strange animal, after all, deserves no more than anyone who tries to pick up a strange lady, and as for people who lay their eggs on the ground at 6s. a dozen, even George Schwartz couldn't start to teach them the elements of economics. No, I can't help thinking that what was at the back of my friend's mind was that old story of hedgehogs sucking the udders of unsuspecting cows before the Milk Marketing Board has a chance of getting anywhere near the product, let alone set up a secret court and fine the offender £10.

It doesn't take more than a minute and a half's thought to realize that this sort of thing just won't do in a political weekly. No party could possibly approve of illicit milking of cows, for

when it comes to lobbying, the N.F.U. leaves the Mammal Society of the British Isles at the starting post. Besides, just think how the illicit milking of cows runs counter to all the political nostrums of the day. Every pint of milk a hedgehog might suck removes one more feather from the bed, and a hedgehog's skin makes a poor substitute. Then not only the N.F.U. but the Milk Marketing Board is affronted, and since the Board was invented by the Tories and lived to become the sheet-anchor of Labour farm policy, hedgehogs can hardly be popular in the Whips' office on either side.

But what about private enterprise? Might not the Liberals have a good word to say for any animal enterprising enough to extract milk from cows without the aid of the Light Programme? But no, you forget. Encouragement of hedgehogs strikes at the root of their policy of three acres and a cow. There may easily be three hedgehogs on three acres, and three hedgehogs might well take up the whole milk output of one cow. It's no good any naturalist coming forward and saying that the whole story is just moonshine. You can't be too careful in politics.

I had almost forgotten that there is another more or less legendary instance of the enterprise of the hedgehog. It is said to collect fruit by the process of rolling down a bank on top of it, collecting the apples on its spines, and then trotting off to eat them at its leisure. But perhaps this is really getting too near the bone. There are eminent but spiky gentlemen on both sides of the House who are only too prone to roll down on to their respectable brethren every now and then and carry off the fruits of victory on their spines. The only chance for hedgehogs is to be top animal if they are not to be expelled from the party.

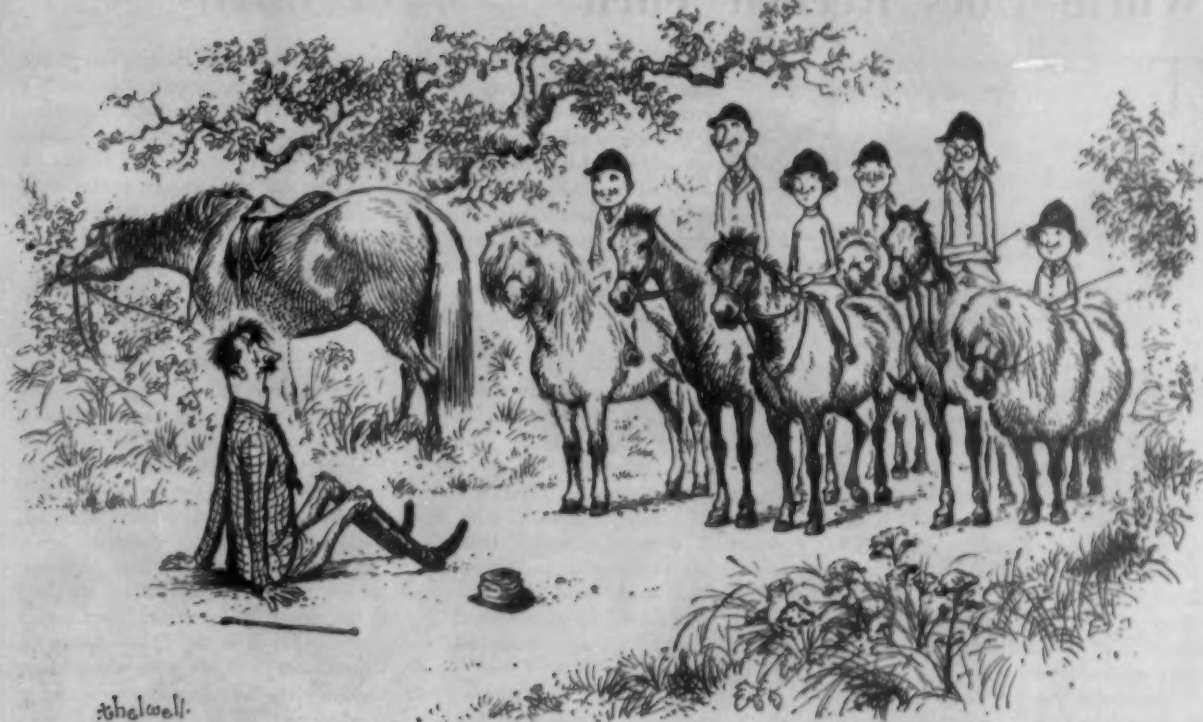


"They've closed."

"The Eighth Army was said to be building up supplies for an assault on the Afrika Korps in mid-summer. Rommel, one presumed, was doing much the same."

"Going to the Wars," by John Verney

That might explain a lot.



"... Now the fall is important ..."

The Immortal

BACK in Edwardian eras a very good-hearted
(Also an affluent) patron of Snooze-in-the-Mire
Did quite a lot for the village, and when he departed
Everyone felt that his memory must not expire;
That's how it started.

For after a lengthy discussion the elders elected
To make their memorial effort a tower with a clock
To be fitted with regular chimes; and as no one objected
And a site was available next to the inn called The Cock,
The tower was erected.

Time trickled on and Snooze-in-the-Mire has extended
But Thingummy's tower and its trappings have weathered
it well;
Its clock never stops and its chimes are still perfectly splendid;
But it's now in a town and The Cock has become an
hotel,
And there I week-ended.

And a weary week-ending it was, for that damnable tocsin
Goes off in one's ear at the quarters, the halves and the
hours
By day and by night until Reason, unbalancing, rocks in
Her seat and one curses all persons connected with towers
Designed to put clocks in.

But also—and this is the point and I rather suppose it
Would go for all visitors—everyone's bound to inquire
The why of the thing, and the locals are quick to disclose it
And trot out old Thingummy's history pat and entire—
And that's how one knows it.

Which one otherwise wouldn't have done. Immortality
seeded

In worth was the optimist hope of his fans for his fame,
But so long as the guests at The Cock sleep as little as we did
It'll come (in a different way) very much to the same.
Yes—they've succeeded.

H. B.

Worm Does Record Turn

By H. F. ELLIS

THREE items of news, all in one day, showed that something was stirring.

"BUSMAN TAKES 30 PASSENGERS TO POLICE"

"DIRTY TRAIN CHANGED"

"BEACH CROWD DIG TRENCH TO BAR MOTORISTS"

The first item, readers will remember, referred to thirty stout-hearted villagers of Welton and Ashby St. Ledgers, who boarded an empty bus in the centre of the market square at Daventry and, when told to get off again and re-board it in a lawful manner at its official starting-point twenty yards away, sat tight. The dirty train was changed because intending passengers at King's Cross declined to travel in it. The trench was dug by children (with some adult help) at Porthcothan to repel the dregs of motoring humanity who persisted in driving their cars all over the once-golden sands.

Not in the last ten years have three such resounding blows been struck against insolence and inefficiency and pettifoggery and hoggishness as were

struck in that single week-end. The people began to set themselves free. Acting in concert—that is the thing—three little pockets of resistance sprang up, held on, and rolled the enemy back. Beacons were lit last week at Daventry and King's Cross and far-off Porthcothan that ought, unless we have entirely lost the spirit that animated our forefathers, to set the land ablaze from Eddystone to Skiddaw, and even rouse the burghers in the State-run inns of Carlisle.

WAITER PELTED BY ANGRY DINERS

Skiddaw, Tuesday

Police were called to the Superb Hotel here yesterday evening after George Dimitropoulos, head waiter, had been bombarded with rolls by dozens of infuriated guests. "It was a deliberately engineered and carefully co-ordinated attack," said Mr. Dimitropoulos, who speaks English with difficulty. "They all got up simultaneously and let fly."

The trouble began with the soup, which was Brown Windsor, and, after a rowdy fish-course, came to a head with the beef-olives. Many guests

complained that everything, except the white wine, was stone cold. "I wouldn't give such rubbish to a dog," said Mrs. Maud Tallboys, who comes from Gloucestershire, "and if I did I wouldn't ask him to pay twelve-and-sixpence, plus a cover charge for a refolded napkin. Not that any of us are going to pay, of course."

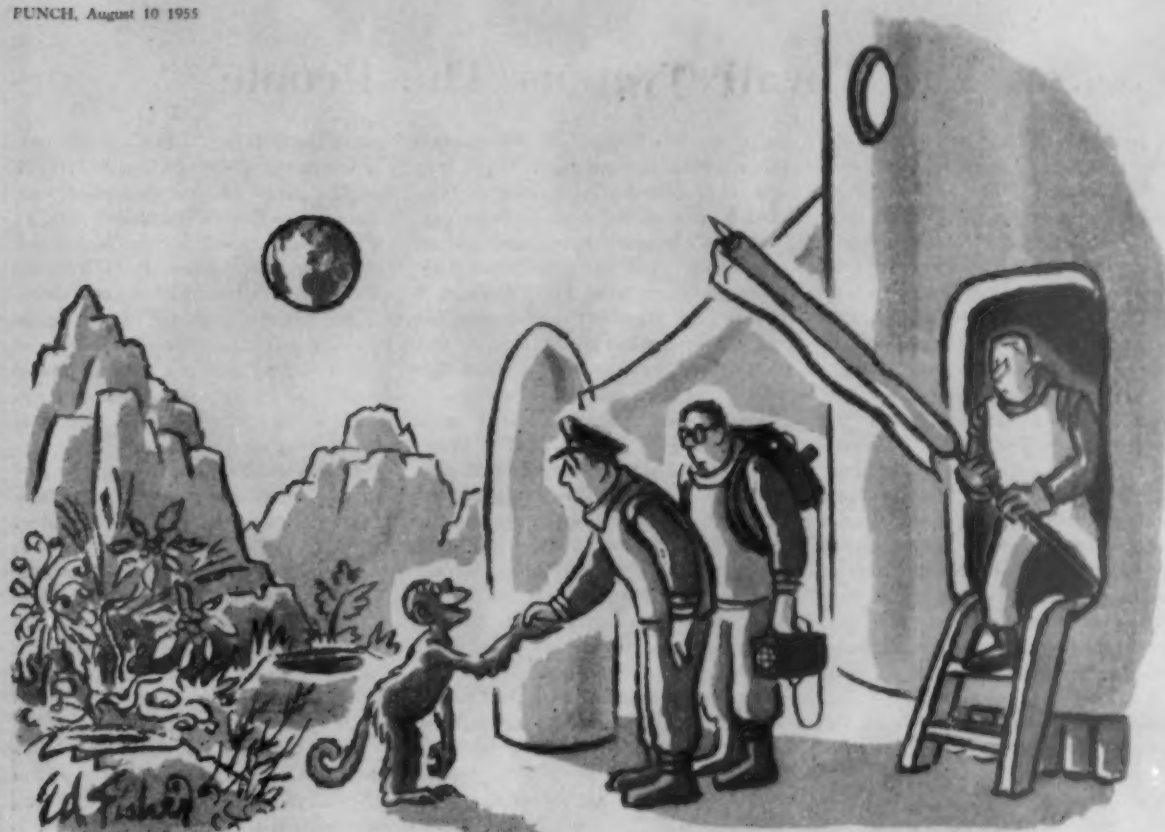
The police made extensive inquiries, and took away a quantity of turbot.

* * * * *

THE CLIPPER CLIPPED

Bystanders refuse to give any description of the businessman who last night punched holes in Miss Agnes Weston, ticket-inspectress at Brompton Road Underground station. "She richly deserved it," one eye-witness declared, "and we are with this unknown benefactor to a man. Night after night, on my way home, I see this woman standing at the top of the escalator. Four nights running I'll hold my ticket out to be clipped—well, that's what she's there for, isn't it?—and she takes no notice of it whatever. Or of me. She just goes on filing her nails, or chatting with some other jumped-up little jill-in-office. So





"I'm SX 32 IV of the First Unmanned Test Rocket, sir, and I've found a local variety of banana that's wonderfully stimulating to the intelligence."

on the fifth day, perhaps, I think I'll keep my ticket in my waistcoat pocket, and to hell with it. But oh, no! 'Where's your ticket?' she snaps at me, and she gives me one of those don't-you-try-any-of-that-on-with-me-my-lad looks. That's how it goes, and I dare say this other chap had had plenty of it too, God bless him. Anyway, he whipped her clippers out of her hand and clipped her soundly all round the hem of her jacket before you could say village Hampden. There was so much cheering and waving of umbrellas, and people running back up to pat him on the back, they had to stop the escalators."

Miss Weston is understood to have made a statement to the effect that she is too shocked to make any statement at present.

CABINET MINISTER ELUDES SUPPORTERS

The Minister for Social Services had a narrow escape from a ducking during a visit to his constituency yesterday. He was addressing a crowded meeting of

his supporters, and had just told them that to sell more they must produce more, and to produce more they must all work harder, when a woman got up and shouted "How much more of this are we going to stand? The Minister has spoken for three-quarters of an hour, and so far has said nothing that is not either a cliché or meaningless or both. Can he not treat us as intelligent human beings, even if we did elect him?"

She was loudly cheered, as was a Mr. Downing who followed her with the observation that he hadn't given up an afternoon's golf in order to be told that if we all went forward with goodwill on both sides much might be accomplished. The Chairman eventually restored order, and then formally put the motion "That the Minister be now thrown in the horse-pond." An amendment that for "thrown in" be substituted "dealt with within the framework of" was, amid much laughter, negatived, and the Chairman was about to declare the motion carried unanimously when it

was noticed that the Minister had operated an escape clause through a side door.

The audience then exercised their ancient right of "Hue and Cry," but no arrest was made.

UNKNOWN MAN IN LITTER BIN

All roads leading out of the Lake District were barricaded by residents from 6 p.m. Sunday evening, and no visitors were allowed to leave until every scrap of paper, all cigarette-ends, bottles and other rubbish had been picked up and put in the receptacles provided. A middle-aged man who refused to co-operate was thrust head-first into a litter-basket until he changed his mind. He later declined to give his name.

TV SET SMASHED

Settling down in the drawing-room after dinner, in the expectation of a quiet chat with their host and hostess . . .

But no. Rome can't be built in a day.

The Theatre versus The People

ASKED "What is Harold Hobson?" three out of five answered "French." This is revealed by the report, published to-day, of a nation-wide survey on the Theatre carried out by the Society for the Preservation of Shaky Traditions. A lady in Tunbridge Wells (widow, age-group 20-60) said "He is the father in a play about a shoe-shop in Hindle." Mr. Hobson said yesterday "The report is full of surprises." On the other hand, ninety-seven per cent voted Danny Kaye the greatest comic figure since Mabel Normand (four of these having actually seen his work), and although it was obviously impossible to approach Mr. Kaye for his comment, it may be assumed that the report confirms as many beliefs as it upsets. One per cent, incidentally, voted for Bransby Williams, and the rest spoiled their papers.

Striking right to the heart of the subject is the question *Why do you like*

going to the theatre? A greengrocer (43, married, agnostic) said "I get free seats on a Monday on account of that card I hang on the door." Forty per cent said "It means less queueing than the Odeon"; one per cent (ladies with flowers in their hats) said "Because I believe the Drama should not be allowed to Sink into Oblivion"; and thirty-three per cent said "Because the telly is not the same as in-the-flesh."

Opinion was sharply divided as to whether *Peg o' My Heart*, *The Desert Song* or *The Mikado* was the finest play of all time. A Mr. Hughes preferred *Hamlet*. Most members of amateur dramatic societies plumped for *Our Town*, with *The Barretts* a close second and *Ædipus Rex* highly thought of. Only three per cent voted for *Rookery Nook*, and they were all over forty. Thus do fashions change.

One significant fact emerged: people who go regularly to the theatre (there were eight of them) do so to be taken

out of themselves. "I like a good laugh to forget the H-bombs," said Mrs. X (name and address supplied)—an attitude comparable with that of Mrs. Y, who likes a good cry to forget the H-bombs, but misses Ivor Novello. A company director had marked views. "The British drama will not die while the Crazy Gang are alive" was how he put it. "And look at the lovely music what there is in *Kismet*. Britain has nothing to fear while Jack Hylton is turning out such melodies."

British theatregoers, to judge by this survey, are more than simply entertainment-seekers; they are knowledgeable. Only four failed on the question *Is Diana Dors teetotal?* Seventy per cent knew that Orson Welles wrote *Moby Dick*, and an encouraging majority gave Dylan Thomas as the author of Emylyn Williams, or vice versa. Only one man (history teacher, income-group £250-£1,000, council house) didn't know the name of Gertrude Lawrence's husband's wife. "One has so little time to attend the playhouse," he explained in an interview last night, "and one is apt to get out of touch."

Except for a few Young Conservatives, hardly anybody under the age of eighteen had ever heard of the theatre—an interesting trend. One sixteen-year-old boy (maladjusted, wage-earner, left-handed, scar on right cheek) identified it as the place where tarts with no clothes on stand on boxes just before the Judy who sings comes on, and you have to watch to see if they wobble when they breathe. But he fell down badly on the next question, *What typographical oddity is to be noted in the first quarto of "Romeo and Juliet"?* and the Society is considering some revision of this section for the next survey.

Turning to foreign drama we find a heartening upsurge of informed interest, no doubt due to Unesco, or at least the Third. Italian drama is freely interpreted as Pirandello, or none of the characters existing much. French drama (except to a small pocket north-east of Wrexham) is no longer saucy; it is Anouilh, or sometimes Fry. Write the synopsis of a typical French play produced this from Mr. H. T. (23, unmarried, works in a radio shop): "Two old women, two young men, one





ditto woman are sitting in their house in Paris hating each other. Next act they move to their house outside Paris and hate each other worse, except for the old women, who fall in love. Next act they move back, but things get no better, and the fire goes out."

Nobody seemed to know much about intimate revue. "I can never find exactly what street the theatre's in," was a typical comment. "Intimate revue," said one man, "is where someone suddenly says 'Bloody,' and the lights go out."

Healthy-minded Britishers still frown on symbolism and the drama of ideas, the latter being dismissed in one reply as "A play not worth having scenery for as it only runs five nights," and the former summed up darkly in another as "You have to watch out for men in bowler hats—they are either God or the eternal taxpayer. They walk up slopes towards the light."

Who are our new dramatists? proved as baffling a question as might be expected. Replies varied widely and included Kenneth Tynan, Tennessee Ernie, Peggy Mount, H. MacQueen Pope, and the man with the pipe who married that lady who was in *Animals and Vegetables*. *Who is Julian Slade?* a shock question fired at a woman on top of a number 74 bus, produced the

prompt answer "One of Princess Margaret's escorts—the brainy one."

The Royal Family's interest in the theatre, by the way, was noted with real pleasure by ninety-eight per cent. "How democratic, to sit in the stalls like everyone else," said Mrs. P. B. (housewife, cinema-goer). "Two Royal visits and a Henry Hall's Guest Night, and you're made," said a Mr. K. (bachelor, theatre-owner).

A new section of the survey tested the public's backstage knowledge. In *Name two technical terms*, easy winners were Flies, Floats, "Boo" Laye, "They're Off!" and Prompt Corner, in that order: while *What do you know about the art of acting?* produced "Whisky is cold tea," "You should think about something else while you act," and "Crowds say Rhubarb rhubarb." To *What do you look for in a stage-set?* the popular answer was "The walls rippling when doors bang." (It is noted that the recipients of this sub-questionnaire were chosen at random from a postal-order queue and represent a fair cross-section. A trial hand-out at a coffee-bar had to be scrapped, as they all turned out to be drama students and couldn't write for giggling.)

On the whole the Society is satisfied that it reached every stratum of British thought. *What do you most want to see in*

the theatre in future? pulled in such extremes as "Tis Pity, done on ice" and "The Drury Lane ghost," but the sane, thoughtful reply "A show I can take the family to at Christmas" predominated. Britain's favourite actor is still The Oliviers; favourite actress, Anna Neagle (if absent, Bebe Daniels); stage personality you would most like to fly to Rome with, Margaret Rutherford and Ronald Shiner (tied equal).

The report concluded with an announcement that for the next survey the historical question (*Who was William Archer?*) will be dropped, on the very clear indication given by the ninety-four per cent who wrote this year "?? Dan Archer's other brother."

ALEX ATKINSON and ANDR

You Too Can Be An Expert

"Mr. Butler's statement yesterday must have been intended to strengthen sterling in the exchange markets and to reduce prices in the Stock Markets. In fact the first response to his announcement was for the Continent to return to selling pounds . . ."

Financial Times, July 26

"Mr. Butler's statement on Monday has had the immediate effect that was intended. Following it the pound has been considerably stronger on the exchange markets. This is a welcome sign that the world has interpreted his assurances on sterling in the right way."—*Financial Times, July 27*



"What a relief to get away from it all!"



One for the Road

IT will be refreshing to the brewers to hear that in some holiday resorts "supplies of bottled beer have completely dried up." Beer has been under a cloud for several years, publicans have taken to grumbling as vociferously as the farmers, and brewers have had to be content with profits rising only fairly steeply.

Why? Well the whistle-wetting business has become increasingly competitive. Coffee-bars (not to be confused with cafés) prove more attractive to some drinkers than our flyblown Victorian pubs; imports of wine rose last year by more than two million gallons; the soft drinks manufacturers are now in full production. And beer, the humblest of alcoholic drinks, is no longer threepence, nor even sixpence, a glass.

But if consumption of beer per head is to remain low by pre-war standards there are still plenty of heads to which consumption could be extended. Only seventy-five men out of every hundred are beer-drinkers and only twenty-eight of them down their pints regularly, once a week or more. The problem is to improve the pubs quickly enough to win and retain the custom of the new wage-earner. There are snags. For one thing the licensing laws are often impassable obstacles to reconditioning and restyling. And again, the pubs are now in competition with the clubs—more than 20,000 of them—where the more repressive of the licensing laws do not operate and where facilities for civilized drinking are more easily contrived.

The connoisseur of beer has little to be happy about these days. Draught beer is rapidly losing favour with the public, the publicans and the brewers. Bottled beer, once regarded as a substitute for the real thing, now claims nearly half the total trade. Shiftless and unskilful innkeepers push it because it relieves them of responsibility in the cellar; brewers like it because it enables

them to achieve all the economies of standardization; and the public buys it with increasing zest because . . . well, because reliable draught beer is no longer easy to find.

To the brewers the popularity of bottled beer has proved a godsend, but one doubts rather whether the trade can ever be as firmly anchored in tradition as that in draught beer. Tipplers from the bottle may prove to be more fickle customers than imbibers from the barrel.

Investors may take an optimistic view of our weather and decide that British thirsts and rising wages will restore ale—from bottle or beer-engine—to its former glories. At present yields on brewing shares are high, most of them in the six-seven per cent bracket. Shares looking particularly

worthy at the moment are those of Barclay Perkins, Courage, Threlfalls, Truman, Ind Coope and Bass. Guinness 10s. ordinaries are yielding a healthy 5 per cent and Whitbread "A," 5½ per cent.

On the other hand the investor may feel that we are gradually becoming a nation of wine-bibbers. Certainly the post-war increase in consumption—for all wines other than top-quality port—has been quite remarkable. In 1954 imports rose from 10,034,053 gallons to 12,057,231 gallons, and this year the vinous gusher has continued to gush. Shares that sparkle in the wine country include Gilbey's (good growth prospects), Vine Products (owners of the Britvic business), Sandeman and Victoria Wine. Cheers!

MAMMON



Higher Mileage Education

WHEN the supply of fish was zoned there was a public outcry. Yet it's odd how we've allowed our children to be treated in the same manner, as if they were so much halibut or herring. We do them some injustice. Who knows but behind the crate of hake-like eyes which are dispatched by bus every morning from our village there lies something more than piscine, if only they could be rescued from the terrible benefits of free education and flung back into their happy pools of illiteracy. That is where they are in their element. Elementary education is a contradiction in terms.

We tolerated this process when they closed down the dame schools soon after the war. The order then went out that every sprat was a potential mackerel and that by centralization our offspring could be given certain advantages. Accordingly nobody complained when the local school was sold and turned into a Youth Hostel—or when we saw

our rates being spent lavishly on the cost of a taxi sent daily to an outlying farm to fetch an embryonic Einstein, to take him to the depot. It was only a mere journey of fourteen miles. Nor did we protest when we heard that this central school was equipped with everything but masters, and contained every kind of installation, excluding wisdom. We learned that £12,000 had been lavished on these gadgets, but didn't count the cost when we heard that Master Grit the grocer's son now had the use of innumerable carpentry tools, including a lathe, and had proudly brought home his first model, which we praised, though it had an uncanny resemblance to a coffin—the young are so morbid. And it was pleasant to hear that Miss Bun the baker's daughter was learning to cook on such a lavish stove, though it is true that we were a little put out when we discovered that the brats, ninety per cent of whom were farmers' children, were made to consume their quota of milk at school, though many had to go home to do the milking.

But now things have gone too far. The countryside is furious. We learn that all these central schools are considered to be on the periphery, and are to be scrapped. In future the sprats are to be zoned as far away as Barnstaple—a mere thirty-mile trot each way. And all this travelling for what purpose? I decided to ask the headmaster. His reply was: "The aim of modern education is to enable your children to grow up into regular readers of the *Daily Mirror*." RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE Life on a Tiger-Skin

Elinor Glyn: A Biography. Anthony Glyn.
Hutchinson, 18/-

AS recently as 1932 a Mickey Mouse cartoon was banned in the state of Ohio because it showed a cow reclining in a field reading *Three Weeks*. Quite why, on its publication in 1907, Elinor Glyn's story of a young Englishman's love affair with a Balkan Queen (staying incognito in Lucerne on a tiger-skin) should have electrified the reading public of Europe and the Americas is now hard to see. Even the countries which found nothing shocking in the novel devoured it voraciously. Dr. Edward Lyttelton (beginning his letter "Madam") informed the author that her book would be forbidden at Eton, of which school he was then headmaster. He had to admit, in reply to her spirited challenge, that he had not read the story himself. After doing so he wrote again to say that he had enjoyed *Three Weeks*.

Mr. Anthony Glyn has produced a lively and entertaining life of his grandmother; unpretentious, yet full of interest. He brings off the difficult achievement of treating her life seriously and her work lightly. Here is much for the psychologist and social historian. It was a most unusual career.

If one had to hazard a reason for the extraordinary popularity of the novels of Elinor Glyn (1864-1943) it might be suggested that their power lies in their exploration of those ever fascinating subjects, Sex and Class. Incredibly crude they may be, yet, in their day, they had a certain originality. In the former field she presents always as hero the passionate, masterful man, brought to his knees in the last resort by the mysterious, beautiful woman. The psychological background is unvaryingly class-conscious; displaying through the characters the author's idea of the "aristocratic" virtues—high birth, generosity, recklessness, discipline and self-sacrifice.

In general there are many resemblances to Ouida. Elinor Glyn was far more fortunate in her looks, and also in her family circumstances. These deserve a glance, as they indicate to some extent why the themes referred to above held a foremost place in her mind.

A red-haired woman of striking beauty, she had been brought up to think her personal appearance a handicap. Her father, Douglas Sutherland,



was a civil engineer, son of a Captain Sutherland who had settled in Nova Scotia. The Sutherlands were, by tradition, distant kinsmen of Lord Duffus. Douglas Sutherland married Elinor Saunders of Ontario, who was a connection of the Admiral Saunders who sailed Wolfe's ships up the St. Lawrence, and whose grandmother belonged to the French *noblesse*.

This was certainly no background of which to be ashamed, but it was similar to that of literally thousands of other people, and Elinor Glyn worked it rather hard as being "aristocratic."

The facts are worth looking into, because she does seem always to have put on tremendous social airs which appear a trifle unjustified within their own terms of reference. No doubt an admirable sense of what they owed to their family origins carried her immediate forbears through exceedingly uncomfortable and often penurious circumstances; but one really cannot agree with Mr. Glyn in drawing a parallel with Lord Curzon's childhood and family, even though both of them may have taken moral strength from the *mystique* of aristocracy. Incidentally, Curzon's relationship with Elinor Glyn (he gave her one of her several tiger-skins) is one of the most interesting things in this book.

So far from being infinitely exclusive, as she was always fond of representing it, one is surprised by this picture of how easy to penetrate—for those with good looks and firm wills—late Victorian Society must have been; even though it seems to have been decidedly the raffish end of it into which she found her way. During her first two seasons several men proposed to her, including, so she stated, the then Duke of Newcastle. The Duke was, however, so "absorbingly [*sic*] interested in the details of ecclesiastical apparel" that, no doubt wisely, she refused him. She was not married until the age of twenty-seven, when she became the wife of Clayton Glyn, an Essex squire, descended from a Lord Mayor of Welsh extraction.

Clayton Glyn, in the end, behaved rather badly, and his wife exceedingly well; but there will be those to find a sneaking sympathy for him. When Elinor told him that Lord Warwick, showing her round his new rose-garden, had told her that she was the fairest rose there and had kissed her, and hinted further, Clayton, who was trying to tie his white tie in front of the looking glass, simply said "Good old Brookie!"

Elinor Glyn did not like other authors. She felt, perhaps not without reason, "that literary people were not people

one invited to one's house or cared to be familiar with . . . When Elinor wished for intellectual company, as she often did, she preferred to find it with university professors, a class to which she was much attached." A very enjoyable book.

ANTHONY POWELL

Your England. R. H. Bruce Lockhart.
Putnam, 16/-

Although there is some attempt to provide a thread with a Scot's view of the English and an occasional page of "Scrapbook" historical background, this is essentially another volume of the reminiscences that began with *Memoirs of a British Agent*. Either you detest Sir Bruce's writing or you can go on reading it at intervals for ever. I enjoy it, partly because it is so unusual to find character in an autobiographer from the official or press world.

He has some of Sir Winston Churchill's proud and justified assumption that the reader will be interested in whatever it occurs to him to say, whether it is a criticism of the Conservatives from a Churchillian standpoint, or a completely fresh discussion of a problem from a left-wing point of view, or an account of one of his more preposterous financial, amorous or diplomatic adventures, or a new anecdote of contemporary history told without any muffling discretion. He is very interesting on Lord Beaverbrook and on Rugger: at times he does not clearly distinguish between them.

R. G. G. P.

Tour de Force. Christianna Brand. *Michael Joseph, 12/6*

In Miss Brand's latest, a sultry affair of holiday tourists thrown off schedule by the stabbing of one of them, the reader gets his money's-worth in suspects alone. Six of these. And none of them could possibly have done it. Then a few new facts—and they all could. Then the false confessions start, all most convincing, until Inspector Cockerill explodes them one by one and restores the *status quo* of universal innocence. Except, of course, for our old friend the least likely person . . . It might be called entertainment by frustration. By the time the reader has come into the straight, so it seems, for about the third time he wants to cry, "Oh, I give it up." Money's-worth is all very well, but who wouldn't settle for a mere fifty of Czerny's 101 Exercises?

J. B. B.

The Man Who Didn't Fly. Margot Bennett.
Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6.

Cinema-circuit owner; secretive hypochondriac; shady company-promoter; or feckless young modern poet; which escaped death by failing to board the passenger plane that crashed over the Irish Channel? The three fateful days before the accident are reconstructed, against an ostensibly peaceful Cotswold background, by two credible, well-contrasted C.I.D. officers, and the

tragically ironic truth provides yet another problem and an unexpected solution.

Mrs. Bennett's skill in counterpointing drama, suspense and comedy is equalled by her remarkable insight into character, illustrated here by brilliant sketches—of a loquacious poetry-editor, a wily juvenile delinquent, a truly appalling Australian—and fuller portraits of the endearingly amoral Harry and the disconcerting adolescent Prudence; while the witty dialogue—so refreshing after a surfeit of intellectual slapstick and highbrow farce—evokes, beneath its sophisticated surface, not only the poignant yearnings of youth but also the speaker's physical personality without direct description becoming necessary: except in the case of Morgan Price, who remains insufficiently realized to convince us of his vital part in the plot.

J. M.-R.



"Quick! How ancient is a TV sponsor?"

AT THE DRESS SHOW

Paris Autumn-Winter Collections

WE were presented with no volte-face at the autumn fashion openings in Paris last week, and no volte-figure either. Balenciaga confirms and develops the long tunic line of his last collection, and its influence is seen at many other houses.

Christian Dior, it is true, has worked at his *belle dame* without mercy, adding yet another letter to the *couture* alphabet. From last winter's H-line which he merged into this spring's A-line, he has now produced the Y-line for the autumn. But this is evolution, not revolution. We had expected something approaching the high-waisted Empire line, and the Y-line is a starved Empire in decline.

These irritant letters, these H, A, and Y codes that we are all so tired of, should really be gratefully received since they are short cuts to long explanations. The long explanation of the Y-line is that it is a slim, straight, unbroken line carried right up to the highest possible waist, where the line branches out to wide (although not squared) shoulders; in short, the silhouette of the letter Y. It lacks the Empire bosom. Indeed the bosom as a conversation piece has dropped right out of fashion; although dropped is the wrong word as it has vanished in an upward direction. It is no longer discussed and argued about; it is taken for granted that it is rendered as inconspicuous as possible.

The wideness of the shoulders has been achieved at different houses by various different means, fair and foul. Fair enough at Dior, Balmain, and Dessès, where there is nothing exaggerated or *outré*; but at Jean Patou the shoulder has the odd appearance of being padded on the extreme outside curve, from where there is a tendency to swell into something approaching leg-of-mutton sleeves, say leg-of-lamb.

At Fath, the wider shoulder is even further emphasized by out-and-out balloon sleeves on many of the cocktail and evening dresses; quite impracticable for wearing under anything but a cloak, and yet no cloak was shown in the collection.

There is remarkable unanimity in abolishing the fullness starting from the hips which has been the great feature of the H and A lines. Undoubtedly we shall see much of it in the ready-to-wear clothes already ordered by the shops for winter, but the only approach to hip emphasis in the new collections is in the occasional formal afternoon or dinner dress which has an inset band or ribbon around the hips, dropping to the back to hold pleated fullness under a flat bow. The effect is almost that of a bustle, and is seen at its most successful at Jean Dessès. It is something which would give a charming Victorian miss-ishness to the young girl, bestow graceful dignity on her mother, and great grandamerie on the older woman still. It is something which goes with the fur hat and muff, the fur trimmings, facings, and linings, which have appeared at so many houses.

The collections have shown no change of form amongst the designers. Balenciaga's influence is proved to be almost as great as that of Dior by the fact that his last season's long straight tunic line has affected nearly all the Autumn Collections. Even in Dior's it appears in straight caftan coats, slit up the sides to the very arm-pits. Jacques Heim has married the Balenciaga tunic to the Dior A-line and produced a bonny two-tiered telescope line. Hubert de Givenchy, once the *enfant terrible* persistently startling and shocking his elders and betters, is now himself one of the acknowledged betters. He still startles—this time by his looped harem skirts and flying saucer hats—but he is said to design for the abstract woman (the woman one never meets) and is

accorded a place among the élite, the real creators of fashion.

There are in all fifty-seven members of the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*. In this big field one would expect a few dark horses. Yet the only real outsider pipped is Maurice Roger, for whom a few prophesy a "futur Jacques Fath." Chanel, the famous and most influential *couturière* of the 1930s, who last year showed her first collection since the war and won so few kind words, now appears almost set for that strange kind of calm and unexalted immortality here on earth which a few isolationists achieve in other arts. Chanel could become the Ivy Compton-Burnett of the *couture* world. She has her style, and she is sticking to it; she has her devotees, and they are sticking to her.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

AT THE PLAY



King Lear (PALACE)
Nina (THEATRE ROYAL)
Waiting for Godot (ARTS)

AFTER the excellence of their *Much Ado*, the *Lear* of the Stratford "away" company is indeed rather a tragedy. Its futile eccentricities might have been taken on the chin in some little *avant-garde* cellar of the 'twenties,

but coming from a cast led by JOHN GIELGUD and produced by GEORGE DEVINE they are simply baffling. A programme note says that "our object in this production has been to find a setting and costumes which would be free of historical or decorative associations so that the timeless, universal and mythical quality of the story may be clear." That sounds splendid. In fact the designer, ISAMU NOGUCHI, a Japanese sculptor, has chosen a method which is about as disconcertingly associative as could possibly be imagined.

His flat sets are like animated hoardings, moving about on their own on a stage marked out (presumably for the guidance of invisible sandwichmen) for crazy badminton. Huge scarlet kites fly to mark the battle, and as a storm warning a great black finger descends from the flies. A becalmed Bermudan dinghy sticks up its sail at Dover, the court is decorated by a pair of buffalo horns trailing a beard, and a Christmas cracker totem pole is carried aimlessly around. The women are hideously wrapped, while the men wear deck-tennis rings for hats and variations on the cellular bathmat over space suits in heavy leather. It was no wonder *Lear* left a home where he had to sit side-saddle on an abstract horse. The swords are from the nursery,

so the fighting goes for nothing; instead of stocks, an artist's palette entangles Kent. And, to be specially original, the chairs have only two legs. We can at least be grateful that Mr. DEVINE refrained from the logical extension of this caprice, which would have been to stand the cast on one leg, like Dinkas.

All this absurdity is, of course, infinitely distracting (which conventional costume is not), and naturally it has affected the acting. The *Lear* is only a shadow of JOHN GIELGUD's superb performances in the part. By exaggerating *Lear's* senility he shatters the poetry, spluttering it out in little jagged lumps between the gasps and wheezes of a tottering old man. Only in the final scenes with Cordelia, when he is still and coherent, can one feel any emotion at all.

Against such a freak background nobody could be at their best. For giving an appearance of ease great credit is due to ANTHONY NICHOLLS as Kent, RICHARD EASTON as Edgar, CLAIRE BLOOM as Cordelia, and JOHN GARLEY as Oswald, but the cast is ham-strung before it begins.

ANDRÉ ROUSSIN is rivalling Euclid in the assiduity of his research into all the possible permutations of the triangle. In *Nina*, now translated by ARTHUR MACRAE, A, B and C are, of course, the wife, the husband and the lover. D and E, a gendarme and another husband, only appear momentarily. It is a very thin farce, working the development of a single comic situation, but it works it with a certain slick ingenuity.

Nina's husband, a prim little Civil Servant, comes to shoot her lover not in anger but for the sake of moral order; and finding his rival an unexpectedly attractive young man happy to embrace death rather than continue in *Nina's* clutches, is utterly disarmed. A sudden illness detains him in the lover's flat, where *Nina* joins them. Lying in bed beside a telephone which echoes endlessly the extent of the lover's other conquests, he conceives an ardent admiration for a man living as secretly as he would have wished to live, and to his tidy little mind it becomes enormously important to release his hero from *Nina's* lethal adoration. His own suicide, poison in *Nina's* coffee; nothing is too much if it clears the path for such enviable, such magnificent, gallantry. In the end, needless to say, *Nina* has them both exactly where she wants them.

I didn't see the play in Paris, but I suspect something has gone wrong with *Nina's* character. Proof against poison, clairvoyant, and conscious of almost supernatural powers over men, she is no ordinary woman. CORAL BROWNE copes bravely with the sententious philosophy with which she is saddled. She plays *Nina* with charm and authority, but not as having all this very special equipment. MICHAEL HORDERN makes an engaging figure of the young man longing to



King Lear—JOHN GIELGUD

(*King Lear*)

escape from a weary round of love, but much the best thing in the evening is JAMES HAYTER's performance as the shy and likeable little robot revelling vicariously in a whiff of the larger life. He is very funny, and he makes *Nina* worth seeing.

ERIC KROWN

Mr. SAMUEL BECKETT's ability and intention to say something are beyond question, but *Waiting for Godot* is so sprawled over with equivocal allegory that it's hard to see just what. Two human wrecks in serio-comic cross-talk share the stage with a wealthy blubbery bore and his servant, an animalized creature led on a rope and perversely called Lucky. Lucky can only think with his hat on, and does so only once, aloud, in a stupendous filibuster of tormented strivings after sense (a moving and horrible performance by Mr. TIMOTHY BATESON). So sharp and assured is Mr. PETER HALL's direction of this bewildering curiosity that one feels ashamed for not knowing whether Godot, should he ever turn up, will be the Messiah, Death, or the incarnate secret of existence.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For laughter, *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55); for the musical, scrutable East with ALFRED DRAKE, *Kismet* (Stoll—27/4/55); for Miss TUTIN in *Saint Joan* according to Anouilh, *The Lark* (Lyric—18/5/55)—but hurry.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

*Not as a Stranger—
The Seven Year Itch*

WHEN a film based on a celebrated best-selling novel is chosen to reopen a London "first-run house" with such a splash as was made for *Not as a Stranger* (Director: STANLEY KRAMER) at the Leicester Square the other week, and I find myself enjoying it very much, my first inclination (I regret to say) is not to admit the fact. I like to think that this is not so much intellectual snobbery or highbrowism on my part as an honest fear that I may have been taken in, hypnotized by the arts of publicity into believing I have enjoyed something merely because I was very emphatically told that I would enjoy it. The fact remains, anyhow—doubt or no doubt, I must admit it—that I did find *Not as a Stranger* a most gripping and satisfying film.

What is quite undeniable is the easy, confident, apparently effortless skill, the authority of it as a piece of film-making. This is more than slickness, which I was rude about last week: slickness is the high polish put on the ordinary; it may be just as hard to attain as what I mean, but it has no more than surface value. What I'm talking of here is the infinitely more valuable quality that comes over as a feeling of the perfect rightness of almost



Dr. Lucas Marsh—ROBERT MITCHUM

and Chance Acquaintance

(Not as a Stranger

every effect, the impression that extreme competence has arranged and guided everything so that it is an added pleasure to watch it succeed, like an intricate shot in billiards.

However, all this tells you little about the film. The central figure is a man we follow from his first student days (the grim lecturer says "Gentlemen, this is a corpse," and looks up sharply after the first incision to see who is going to faint) to the time when he is established as a country doctor, and the point of the story is his refusal (till the climax) to allow that a doctor may be anything less than superhuman. It sounds like a harsh, tough theme: but the detail has such variety of interest—there are even quite a number of laughs, never out of key, and much more adult than those in the *Doctor in the House* stories—and the other characters are so admirably played, that anyone not opposed on principle to "pictures about operations" should find it a stimulating pleasure to see. ROBERT MITCHUM makes the lofty-minded young doctor perfectly credible, FRANK SINATRA turns in another quite first-rate performance, and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is a touching figure as the gentle, humble Swedish wife.

The Seven Year Itch (Director: BILLY WILDER) is another good job of film-making, although it still shows marked signs of its stage origin and even anyone who never saw GEORGE AXELROD's play—I, for instance—can identify the line or situation that must have marked the end of an act. This is the one about the middle-aged "summer bachelor" in steaming New York, alone in a flat full of good resolutions, who gets involved with the artlessly seductive girl from the

flat above and allows her to stay the night and share the benefit of his air-conditioning. (Hitherto the best she has been able to do is to keep her undies in the ice-box.) The strength of the piece apart from its impressive CinemaScope mounting and the cleverness with which visual interest is maintained—most of the time the scene keeps to the flat, and for plenty of it the chief character is there alone—is TOM EWELL, as the man himself. MARILYN MONROE is delightful as the feather-witted girl, but most valuable is Mr. EWELL's timing—and the director's, not least with some of the solid objects that have such noticeable comic importance here (the tomato-plant, the kayak paddle, the roller-skate, the plumber's wrench, even the cuticle-pusher and the cocktail-shaker)—as we see his spectacularly vivid imagination at work to the accompaniment of a soliloquy. Very funny and enjoyable.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Escapade, from ROGER MACDOUGALL's play, is constantly amusing in detail (clever direction of groups of schoolboys) but improbably optimistic in theme. *Riffi* (13/7/55) is still the most brilliantly made film in London, *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) the most universally pleasing.

Releases include *John and Julie* (27/7/55), which I think most people would enjoy; *Strategic Air Command* (29/6/55) and *The Private War of Major Benson* (3/8/55), efficient entertainment; and the short *Assignment Children*, DANNY KAYE's account of his Far East tour on behalf of the U.N. Children's Fund.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Man's Hour

WHEN I suggested that it had been a mistake to include Miss — (a very competent and attractive journalist) on the panel of a television discussion programme, the producer nodded his agreement and said "Perhaps so; she didn't exactly sparkle, did she, but then she's a woman and viewers like to see women competing on equal terms with men." He meant that female conversationalists are in short supply, and that even sub-standard performances from them are welcome in a medium dominated by the awful regiment of male chin-waggers.

There are no women regulars in such programmes as "In the News," "News and Newsreel," "Panorama" and "Press Conference." No woman has achieved the screen eminence of Harding, Crawley or Mayhew. When the ladies are allowed to talk—rather than croon or announce—their utterances are restricted to the light-weight chatter of parlour games. On television, as in sound radio, the voice of authority is predominantly masculine.

And this is surprising. Television, one would think, should have furthered the emancipation of women, given them an opportunity to charm their way towards equality.

I asked the producer how he accounted for their failure to make the grade. "It's the old story," he said. "Intelligent conversation is a matter of practice. Men get all the practice they need, in board-rooms, in clubs and pubs: women don't."

"Have you ever waited outside a telephone box that's occupied by a woman?" I said. "Have you ever heard the scream of gossip in a popular café?"



[Who Said That?

JOHN BETJEMAN—NANCY SPAIN—JOANNA KILMARTIN
GILBERT HARDING

"That's just it," he said. "Gossip isn't intelligent conversation. Women talk their heads off, but not about things that matter."

And by "things that matter" he meant, of course, the subjects that the B.B.C. considers suitable for its discussion programmes—politics, the arts, current affairs, sport.

I was reminded of these elementary exchanges when the B.B.C. trotted out the first editions of its very latest parlour game "Who Said That?" It is not much of a game. A quotation—pithy or paradoxical—is flashed on the screen and the panel is invited to name the author. The members grope through the centuries and their stock of literary knowledge, suggest Wilde, Dr. Johnson, Shaw and Freud, are prompted to success by the chairman, and are then asked to say whether or not they agree with the great man's words. This is yet another variant of "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?" with the important difference that here there is

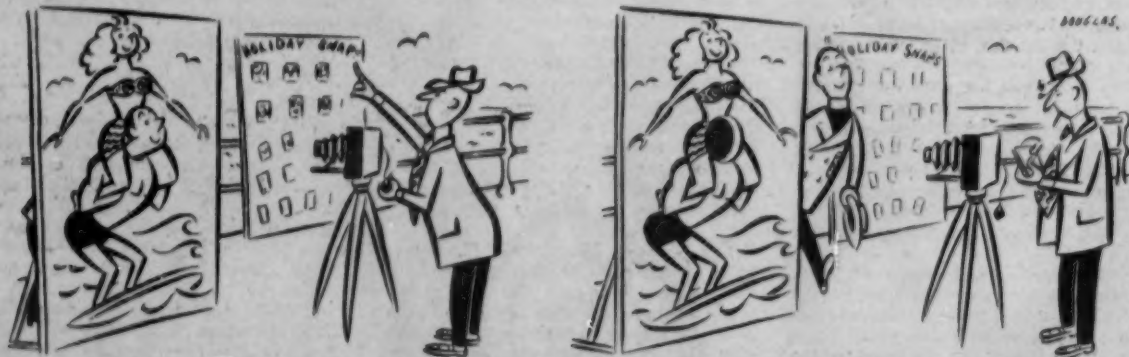
no visual excuse for strenuous detective efforts and no relief from close-up studies of the panel. "Who Said That?" is essentially a romp for sound radio, though to urge its transference would be unkind to listeners.

The male members of the panel, Gilbert Harding and John Betjeman, do their damndest to make something out of nothing—Harding by piercing the bubbles of literary froth and Betjeman by exhibiting a Lord Peter Wimsey-ish flair for criminal investigation. But the ladies, I regret to say, seem to find the proceedings rather a strain. Which, of course, they are. The surest and quickest way to bring this televised parlour game business to an end would be to let the panels consist of women.

Before I am accused of misogyny let me praise the storytelling of Rene Ray. This amiable actress, like John Slater and Johnny Morris, has the happy knack of making immediate friends of the microphone and camera. Her timing is first-rate; her sincerity obvious. Her stories, "The Telescope" and "How Not to Sell a Mink Coat," are not perhaps out of the top drawer, but they are cleverly constructed and provide plenty of scope for Miss Ray to display her histrionic talents.

Finally, and after gate-crashing the "Leisure and Pleasure" programme (which is labelled "For Women"), I must congratulate Evelyn Gibbs and company on their venture in practical genealogy. The reconstruction of the Sibbing family tree must have started many viewers off on similar tasks and given them—on the side—an excellent introduction to social and economic history. In my family we are already back to the Corn Laws.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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Letter dated: "At Sea, S.S. Mariposa, Feb. 19th, '93."

Quoted in "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," Vol. V.

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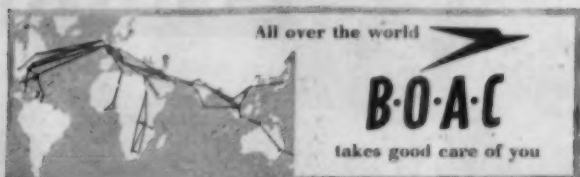
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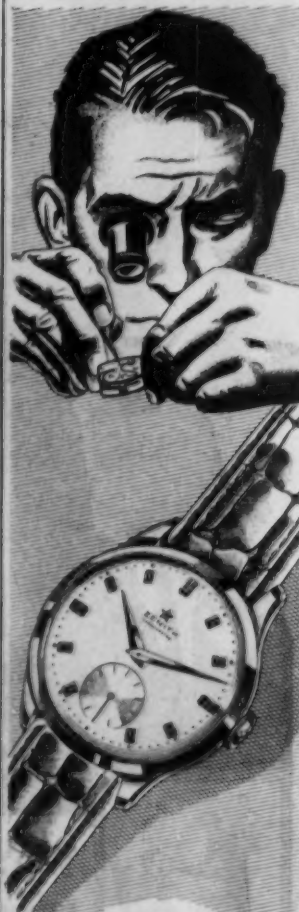
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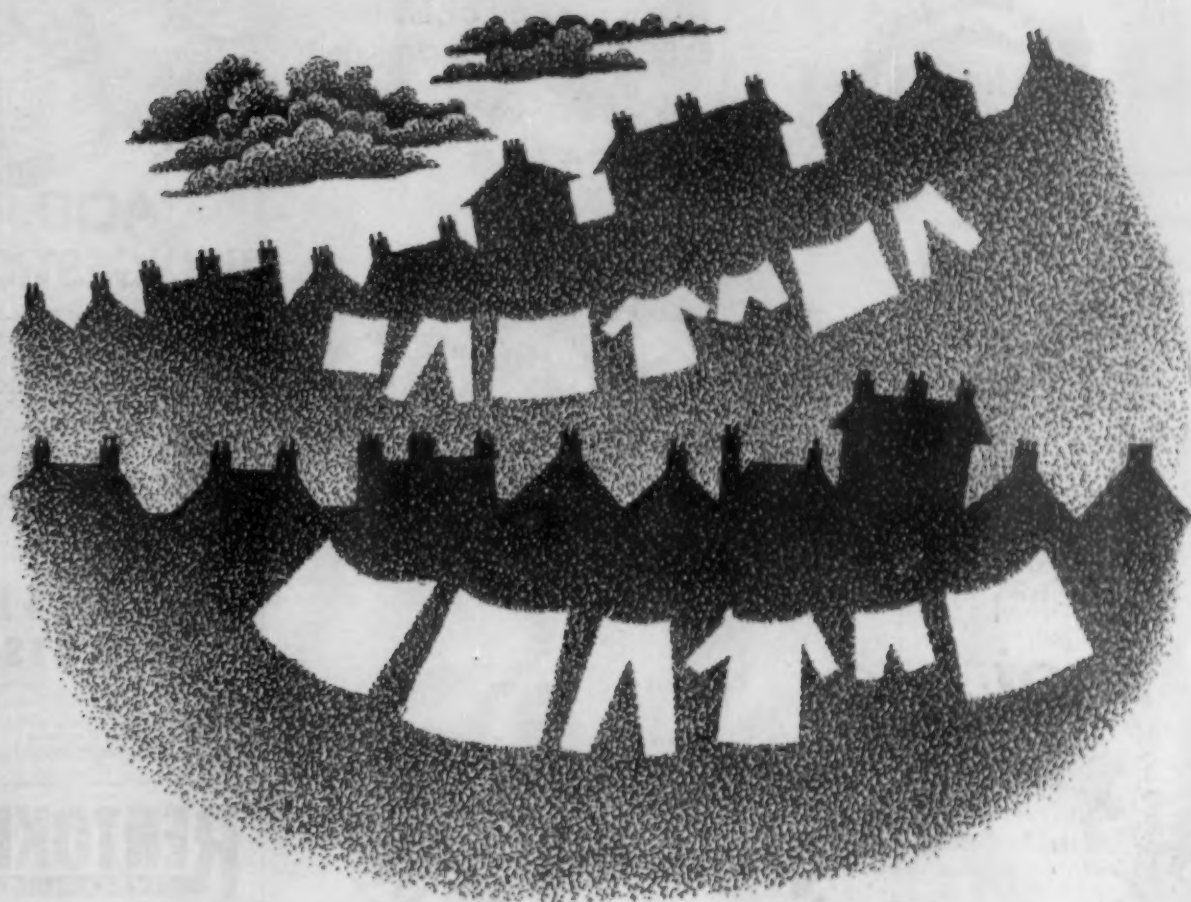
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(GT. BRITAIN) LTD
119, High Holborn,
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Dreaming of a White Monday

The traditional drudgery of Monday mornings has just about vanished from the homes of Britain — thanks very largely to the modern detergent powders that do the weekly wash with an efficiency and ease undreamed of fifteen, even ten, years ago.

The essential raw material of these powder detergents is alkylbenzene, of which the first bulk supplies in this country came from Shell — who have continued to be

major suppliers of the alkylbenzene used in detergent manufacture. And when the new plant at Shellhaven comes into production later this year, there will be plenty for export too.

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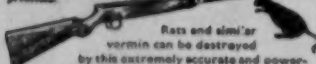
Cools drinks without dilution by ice. Hygienic sealed containers of distilled water. Just freeze them in ice compartment of your fridge and place in each drink. Afterwards rinse and freeze again. Last indefinitely. Available in four pastel shades from **EACH** leading stores or from **2/6** (inc. tax)

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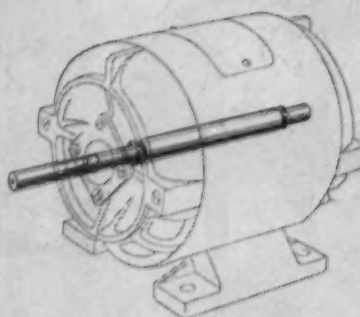


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You must use
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No. Quite ordinary
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It's just
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My dear fellow, SEAGERS
is far from ordinary.

I always say . . .

Quite. And I always say —
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between drinks.

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"Now good digestion
waits on appetite,
and health on
both!"

— Macbeth.

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Under present day stresses, more and more of us find acidity makes digestion difficult or unpleasant. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, with their pleasant peppermint flavour, deal with this highly personal problem so promptly, unobtrusively and effectively that it is really no longer a problem at all.

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the natives can now bring their boats right up to the land through a deep channel.

That channel pierces a coral reef which has,

South Sea Island magic

since time immemorial, set a barrier
between the open sea and the silver beach.

Cunningly placed explosive charges made the channel
— and I.C.I. made the explosives and advised
the amateur engineer who did the work.

Now the natives, vastly impressed, point out other jobs that could be done
in like manner — rocks to be split — palms to be removed.

Many of their ideas are impracticable, but they are right in believing
that explosives can be a powerful servant in unlikely ways.

Most of I.C.I.'s output of explosives goes to the mining industry,
but smaller amounts go to farmers for blasting boulders and tree-stumps;
to engineers, who use them to power the underwater bolt-driving guns used by divers,
and to oil prospectors, who use explosives to set up 'echoes' under the ground,
which help them to find oil-bearing rock.

*Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research
and production are serving the Nation.*



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E.G. TRY this...

Six generous dashes ANGOSTURA in a 6oz. GLASS, 1 oz. lime juice, 1 1/2 oz. Dry Gin. Top up with soda water and STIR SLIGHTLY.

N.B. If unweakened lime juice is used add one teaspoonful fine sugar.



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PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 11/6 100's 23/4

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To this new base petrol is added Benzole which is 100% aromatic. The result is a fuel with double the aromatic content of ordinary premium motor spirits. This new high-aromatic National Benzole Mixture, with its remarkable anti-knock rating, its greater energy content—giving maximum miles per gallon—plus Benzole's long-established startability, meets every requirement of the modern car. It is the most modern of all motor spirits.

The new National Benzole Mixture adds the known great benefits of Benzole to a new high-aromatic petrol drawn from the most modern refineries in Great Britain. Aromatics are the key substances in motor spirits—responsible for high anti-knock rating, smooth burning, and maximum mileage per gallon.

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NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

HIGH-AROMATIC

THE MOST MODERN OF ALL MOTOR SPIRITS



Some picnic hints by Heinz

Gnaturally, some people have a rooted anti-iphathy to picnics. But come the good old summer-time there are always those who succumb to the call of the wild and join the trek to the picnic grounds. To these hardy souls this column is respectfully dedicated.



We have just got a message brought us by an ant. He says "Please lay off us this summer. Fair's fair. After all, wouldn't you be tempted to join the picnic? Especially when Heinz make so many tasty foods that are just right for outdoor meals!" End of message.



Fancy dress

A salad is just about as good as its dressing. Here are three summer outfits. Heinz Olive Oil and Malt Vinegar (plus a little of your own magic) conjures up a dressing that's as French as the Folies Bergère. Mix it at home and take it along in a bottle. If you're not keen on "mixing it", you can't do better than to lay on some Heinz Mayonnaise or Salad Cream. Both are sinfully rich!

Spready & waiting

One thing about picnics. You're certain to feel peckish long before Father has sorted out the short cut that used to be there before the war (Ah! I recognize *this* road!). Veteran picnickers always take along an emergency motor car ration of sandwiches filled with one of the delicious Heinz Spreads. There are several kinds to choose from. Salmon and Tomato, Veal and Ham, BLOATER, Kipper, Salmon and Anchovy or the incomparable Sandwich Spread, which is something very special that Heinz have discovered all by themselves.

HEINZ



May we breathe a final word?

Heinz Pickled Onions! Don't forget to take some.

AIMLESS ASTROLOGER forecasts "regular" future



Madame Zoe's a fortune-teller. She reads the stars, the cards, tea-leaves, your hands, and all that lark. But last time I saw her she looked a proper horror-scope. "Oh," I said. "What can you see in your crystal ball?"

"There's no future in it," grumbled Zoe. "Not for me, anyway. It's all this trouble I have with my inside. Makes me feel the whole solar system's against me."

"No," I said, "it's something nearer your solar plexus."

"Here," Zoe said, "what's your line?"

"In your case," I explained, "a pipe-line. It's 30 ft. long, and it's inside you. It's the pipe all your meals go down. But, if you eat too much soft, starchy food, your intestinal muscles can't always pull them through."

"Glory be!" wailed Zoe. "What will happen next?"

"I see a conflict," I quoted. "Mars has entered your middle quarter. You're a Constipation subject, and all your stars are in the descendant. There'll be no change in your misfortunes until you are rescued by a bulky stranger."

"Bulky?" said Zoe. "Where does bulk come in?"

"At breakfast," I said, "in Kellogg's All-Bran. You have a

little every morning, and it'll give your diet the bulk it needs to get you 'regular.'"

Off went Zoe, into a thoughtful trance, and when I met her next she looked as if someone had crossed her palm with uranium. "Well, well," I said. "Your aura's looking brighter."

"It's that All-Bran," she carolled. "It was just what I needed to make me 'regular.' You must be clairvoyant."

"I have X-ray eyes," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.



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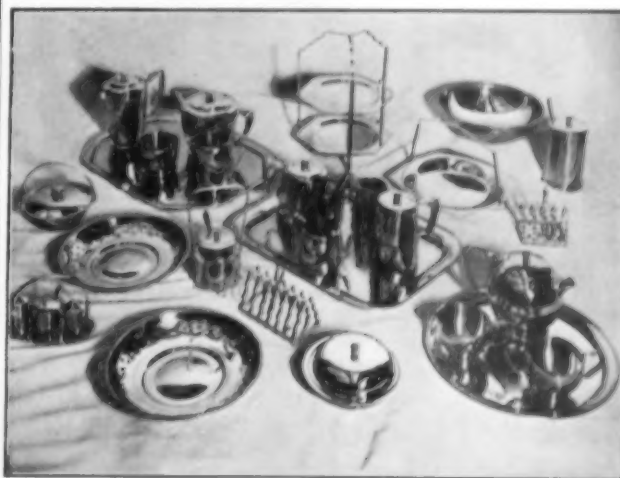


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